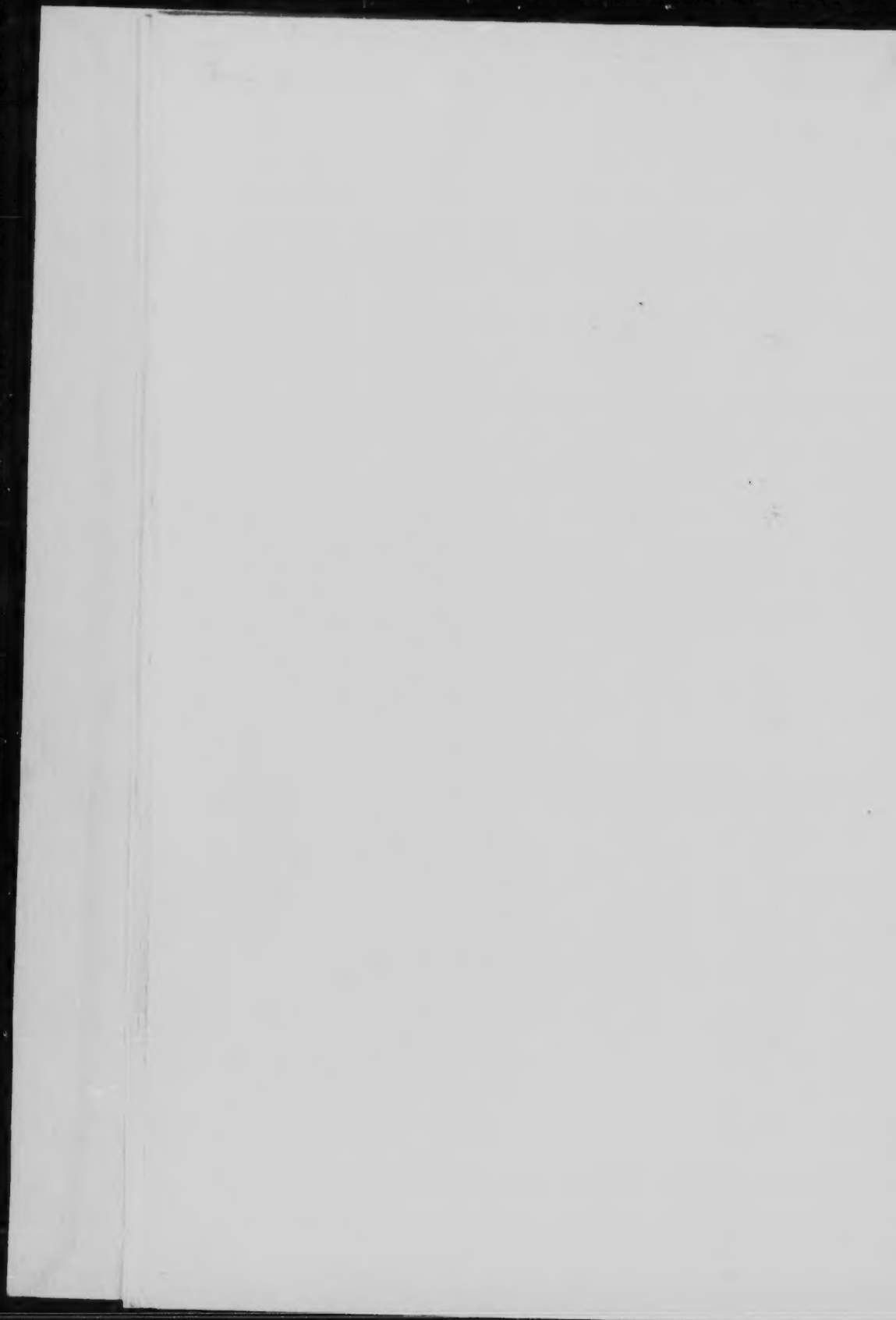




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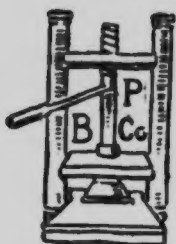
111.

The Dashing Sally Duel

And Other Stories

BY

Harold Sands



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THE "DASHING SALLY" DUEL.

"It seems to me that a white man is a white man, no matter where he may go."

Thus said a beardless youth to a group who sat in the smoking room of the *Campagna*, two days out from Liverpool for New York.

"I cannot imagine," he went on, "that even among the worst savage folk a real white man would exhibit any but white qualities." The boy seemed to delight to linger on the word "white." He was a kind of a lily-white lad himself, and his face was almost the color of his cigarette. He was not a good sailor, however much of a hero he might be in other directions.

"I presume, sir, you are speaking out of the fullness of experience," remarked a bronzed traveler, with so kind a voice that it removed any sting there might be in the words. "Now you, I take it, are from New York," he proceeded. "I have traveled through Europe and through the West, but I know little or nothing about the Eastern States and your greatest city. Therefore I must write myself down an ignoramus. And yet I could tell you of the whitest kind of men who have, for a period, gone perilously near to savagery. And the cause? Simply the absence of white women. To keep the men white the women must stay the same color, my boy."

The crowd in the smoking room looked expectant. Here was a man who, they recognized by instinct, could tell a good story. Every one was glad when the boy said:

"Would you mind giving us some instances, sir?"

"Well, I'll try to show you what I mean. It was at the end of the great Cariboo gold excitement in the sixties that I found myself at the little town of New Westminster, on the Fraser River, in British Columbia. I think they called the place Queensboro' then, after her late most gracious majesty, Victoria of blessed memory," and he raised his hat as befitted a good Britisher who recalls the memory of that grand woman.

"I don't suppose there were more than half a dozen white women in the place. But there were scores of Indians, and there were some hundred white men, good, bad, and indifferent. Where the women were concerned the men mostly could be classed under the middle category. There was gold in plenty, and more whiskey was drunk than water. I will say this for the whiskey, it was really good stuff, imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, which never cheats. You don't get its equal in the mining camps of to-day.

"Well, despite the argument of my friend yonder, white men do not pretend to keep their passions under strict control in mining camps. The flesh rules there, as often as not. With only five white women in the town, and those all married, what were the other chaps to do? I put it to my experienced friend from New York, here," and he smiled kindly.

"Why," he went on, "the husband of one of those white women died while I was there, and within a fortnight she had married a rich chap from Cariboo. She didn't do it because of his gold, but just to escape the offers of half a hundred other men. Her life was a burden till she was a wife again. She was not even allowed to mourn for the dear departed."

"That seems to knock a good many spots off the original argument," put in another passenger.

"Oh, but that is comparatively mild to what I have yet to tell you," went on the Western man. "There being so few of the white women it came about quite naturally that the prettiest among the klootchmen—as the Indian women are called—achieved a good deal of prominence, which would be quite impossible under conditions as they exist in the West to-day. But very few klootchmen are really pretty. They have to work while their red lords play the man of leisure. Naturally, there being so much firewater around, the Indians became demoralized, and it was easy to pick up a red woman for more or less booze. This being a plain argument, you will allow me to indulge in plain language, I hope."

"By all means, sir. In New York we love nothing so much as plain speech," said the youngster, with a self-satisfied air as of one who sports an epigram.

"Of course there were among the inhabitants a lot who were really entitled to the term 'bad men,'" continued the Westerner. "Not a few of them were fugitives from San Francisco. Others were escaped desperadoes from other States, and

some ought to have been serving time in jails in Eastern Canada. There were also bright, earnest, clever, hustling fellows from both sides of the boundary line, who had been attracted to British Columbia by the tales of gold and the lure of adventure. You couldn't expect much from the former, but, if my young friend's argument holds good, the latter class could never do anything that wasn't 'white.' I am bound to confess, however, that even they were known to fall when there was a woman in the case.

"My friend, Mr. D. W. Higgins, really one of the genuine 'white men' referred to by the gentleman yonder, has recently published a few of his reminiscences in which he tells of a duel between one of the 'bad men' from California and a youngster from England. The latter was shot through the heart, and his murderer escaped only to be executed in San Francisco. The story I have to tell you refers to another meeting, the consequences of which were not so serious, but a woman was also at the bottom of this trouble."

"One of those klootchmen, as you call them?" said the New Yorker.

"Quite right, my boy. It was one of those klootchmen who started the bother, and not a good-looking one either. If you were to see one of her class now you would put her down as a raker among the filth and garbage of your city's gutters. But in Queensboro' in 1864 she was a woman, and therefore to be courted.

"Now two of my old pioneer friends allowed their love to wander her way because there was no white woman near to whom they could pay honor-

able attention. They were two as honorable men as ever breathed, but at Queensboro' they followed the gospel according to Tommy Moore, and were among those who thought it sweet to remember that 'where'er we rove, we are sure to find something blissful and dear, and that when we're far from the lips we love, we've but to make love to the lips we are near.' But the troublesome part was that they both desired to make love at the same time to the same lips that were near. Both of my old friends are dead now, after having lived careers of great usefulness to British Columbia, so I shall not mention their names. Reversing the usual order of things, the good that they did is living after them.

"As I think I have said, the woman was not good-looking, as we judge beauty nowadays. But she had soft arms, and nature had blessed her with luxuriant charms in other directions. She was a hot-house creation, meant for a boudoir, but unfortunately born into a red family and in a country where boudoirs were non-existent at that time. With the coming of thousands of white women to British Columbia there is no lack in the boudoir way now. But, like the garrulous old fellow that I am, I am not keeping to the thread of the story.

"Both these men offered the woman a home. She was torn between conflicting desires. In those hot days, when bitter words meant bitter action, and those words and the actions came swiftly, it was not long ere the two men clashed in public. There was a public dinner one night at which the wine and the whiskey flowed in an ever-increasing stream. I think the member of the town was

being banquetted for some reason or another. Reasons were not hard to find when a public feast was desired in the West in those glorious, golden days. The fun was getting fast and furious when my two friends clashed. It was over so trivial an incident that the cause has slipped my memory. However one threw a glass of whiskey in the other's face, and the latter retaliated by pressing a bowl of potatoes more or less firmly down upon his antagonist's head. Pandemonium reigned in a minute, and before five minutes had passed there must have been half a dozen fights going on in the dining hall. Every man who had a grievance against a neighbor seemed to consider the time propitious to try to get even. We finally separated all the combatants, but the banquet was done for. It broke up in disorder. However, our member had been under the table before the row started, so his dignity was not hurt.

"Now, in order to uphold the tradition given expression to by our young friend here, that 'a white man is always white,' it was necessary that the man who had received the whiskey in his face should demand reparation, while the gentleman who still bore traces of 'spuds' had, of course, the right to demand satisfaction. It was decided that a duel was the only way in which the old score could be settled. So Mr. Spud,—shall we call him?—challenged Mr. Scot, as we may name the other man for the purposes of the rest of this yarn.

"It may as well be immediately admitted that, when sober, neither of the two lovers was a martial man. The recent riotous scene had had the effect of bringing the couple to their senses, and each

would gladly have averted the duel. But some of their acquaintances were still merrily tipsy and egged them on. It was ultimately arranged that the meeting should take place on Lulu Island, a short distance down the Fraser River from the town. Four o'clock in the morning was fixed on as the most suitable hour, and each combatant was sent home to prepare his last will and testament. Seconds were duly selected, and the men were to use revolvers."

"Do you mean to tell me honestly that duelling was permitted in British Columbia as late as 1861?" asked the passenger for whose benefit this story was being told.

"Please allow me to finish this argument," replied the Westerner. "Now, Mr. Spud, as soon as he got to his little shack, instead of drawing up his will, fortified himself with a long horn of a special brand, and then, making sure that none of his too pushing friends was in the neighborhood, made his way, by devious paths, to the office of the chief of police. To the officer he confided that a duel was to be fought in a few hours, and told him that it was his duty to stop the breaking of the law. He informed him of the exact place at which the fight was to come off, and beseeched him not to be late in arriving at the spot.

"Who are going to fight?" asked the policeman. "Tell me that, and I can have the men arrested now."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Spud. "Besides I don't think you need arrest the men. Simply stop the duel, but for heaven's sake don't tell anyone that I informed about the fight."

"A few minutes after Spud had left the police station the chief was visited by another man, who also wished to inform him of the proposed meeting. This person was none other than Mr. Scot, who was just as anxious for the law to interfere, and equally wishful that no arrests should take place. Of course the chief put two and two together and he determined to give my friends a good scare. It was manifestly impossible for him to allow the duel to take place, since he had been properly warned that an infraction of the law was contemplated. He must prevent that, but he decided that a fright would be good for two men who could lose their tempers in public for the sake of a klootch.

"It was a miserable-looking pair of principals who turned up on Lulu Island at 4 A.M. The chief of police had arrived before them, but they did not know it. He was hiding behind a giant cedar tree. It was to that tree that the seconds repaired in order to make the final preparations for the duel. Very quietly the chief made his presence known and instructed them to put only blank cartridges in the revolvers.

"That's all we were going to do anyway, chief," they said.

"S'sh," was his answer. "Don't appear as if you were talking to anybody here. Just go about the business as if there were bullets about to fly."

"Back to the wretched principals went the seconds. The former were looking eagerly for the arrival of the police. But they looked in vain. The twenty paces were measured and the last instructions given. So woe-begone did the two men appear that it was with great difficulty the seconds

refrained from laughing in their faces, and so giving the whole thing away. The combatants were placed at the right distance.

"Are you ready?" they were asked.

"Each gave one last despairing glance in the direction of the town.

"One, two, three, fire!" came the command, but not a shot was heard.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said one second, 'this won't do. Honor must be satisfied. Once again, are you ready? Fire.'

"This time two shots were heard, and two gentlemen fell to the ground protesting that they were dead.

"Then it was that the chief of police appeared from behind the cedar tree.

"I arrest you in the name of the Queen," he said to the corpses, which by now had arisen from the dead. 'The charge is breaking the law forbidding duelling.'

"I don't very well see the use of arresting a couple of dead men, chief," said one of the seconds. 'Didn't you hear each man solemnly declare that life had passed away. Let 'em rest in peace.'

"You must come with me, gentlemen, and you, too," he said to the seconds, 'for being accessories.'

"It was a sorry party that was rowed from Lulu Island to the mainland. The chief had arranged with the magistrate to be at the station when he should return with the culprits, and thus they were spared the publicity of a trial at the usual court hour. It was just about 6 A.M. when this curious court was held, and everybody pleaded guilty. The principals were bound over to keep

the peace, and the others were let off with a warning. Then magistrate, chief, and the discharged repaired to the Queensboro' Arms, where, over an early morning glass, the difficulties of the past were patched up. The chief applied the final cement.

"'Let's see,' he said, 'wasn't it over 'Dashing Sally' that you two killed yourselves this morning? I thought so. Well, you may be interested to know that she went down the river early this morning with 'Long-fingered Jim,' and they both had my warning that if they ever reappeared in Queensboro' they would have to join the road-making gang for a few months.'

"And so ended the last attempt at a duel in British Columbia. The pistol habit died amid peals of laughter. But I think my young friend will admit that, in the absence of white women, even 'white' white men return to the primitive."

When the Westerner had left the smoking room the purser was sought. "Who is he?" the New Yorker asked. "His name is down on the list as 'C. A. Riboo.' It sounds like a nom de plume, doesn't it?"

The purser laughed. This was not the first voyage Mr. C. A. Riboo had made with him.

"Well," he said, "that chap made a fortune in the Cariboo, and I have heard him called 'Horse-fly Bill.'"

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE Premier of British Columbia must be a man of sense, but not of sensibility. The moment a man is made the chief adviser of King Edward's representative in His Majesty's most western possession, at that very instant he becomes the target of abuse and sport of the leader-writer.

Premier John Stornway was weary of his office. He preferred farming to politics. Moreover he was only a stop-gap First Minister, and stop-gaps always come in for more halfpence than kicks. He had only a majority of one in the House, and he would gladly have laid down his portfolio and retired to the ranch. But there was an ambitious minister behind him who dominated the whole cabinet, and was even known to make the Lieutenant-Governor shake in his shoes.

The Hon. Alfred Martingale was Premier in all but name. He was a Scot, and he never let a good thing go until his hold was unclasped by force.

"What's the good of worrying along with only one of a majority, Mart?" asked the Premier, wearily, one day. "And to-morrow when the House meets we shall be defeated for certain, for

there are two of our men who live in Cariboo, who cannot get here until the steamer arrives from Vancouver in the evening, and by that time all will be over."

The Premier was speaking one January day, 189—, in his private office in the Legislative Buildings, Victoria, B. C. It was the eve of the meeting of Parliament, and a big scheme was being matured to defeat the Government. The Premier felt it in his bones. But the ever-confident Finance Minister was not going to give in.

"Don't be afraid, Stornway," he replied, "there is one of the opposition men also detained in Vancouver, and the House will have risen by the time he gets here. Before another day comes round we shall have been able to win over several of the other side. The offer of liberal appropriations for his constituency goes a long way with the average member."

"But I should like to retire while we honorably can do so," returned the Premier, while the Finance Minister laughed at this thin-skinned politician. "I should like," said the Premier, "to go out of office by my own free will and without the stigma of defeat on my administration. Of course I know it is really your cabinet, old fellow, but I shall go down into history as the Premier, which will be rather nice for the family," he concluded with a wan smile.

The Premier's instincts were not far wrong—defeat was very near to his administration.

But a girl stepped in.

On the eve of the meeting of the Legislature it was easy to see how the parties stood. Out of the

House of 38 members there were in Victoria 17 government men, 17 opposition, and the Speaker, who was supposed to be neutral. There were two government and one opposition members absent. By the ordinary routes of travel they could not reach the Legislature till several hours after the speech from the throne had been delivered, and the House had risen for the night. But the absent opposition man, the brainiest politician in British Columbia, had timed his absence on purpose to give the government security. He intended to make a dramatic appearance in the House several hours before the other two men could arrive, and so beat the government on the first day of the new session. The name of this politician was the Hon. Samuel Swallow. He was the stormy petrel of Dominion politics. His career and its romances would fill this book.

CHAPTER II.

SOCIETY in British Columbia is delightfully simple. It opens its arms to anybody with money or a nodding acquaintance with a title. To be a real favorite, one should have much money and little brain.

The Premier seldom went into society, and he never gave dinners. His daughter Bernice said he showed his wisdom that way, but his followers said he lost votes. Bernice believed in the young person earning a living for herself, whether her father be premier or shoeblick. That was why she was day counter clerk in the telegraph office in Vancouver. She was not on duty on the eve of the meeting of Parliament when Mr. Swallow sent a most important telegram to Mr. Muir, who besides being a member of the opposition, was also president of a railway and steamship company, which connected Vancouver with Victoria via Nanaimo. The telegram read as follows:

"JOHN MUIR, VICTORIA, B. C.

"Two government men cannot possibly reach Victoria till to-morrow evening. If you send steamer *Arc* over from Nanaimo very early in the morning for me, and have a special train waiting at Nanaimo to make a fast run to Victoria, I can

reach the House three hours ahead of them, and surprise the government into defeat. Without my presence the House ties and the Speaker will certainly give his casting vote in favor of the government.
(Signed) SAMUEL SWALLOW."

Mr. Muir gave orders in accordance with the telegram.

It was part of the morning duty of Bernice Stornway to get the telegrams of the previous night and store them away. She had her fair share of curiosity, and contrived to become acquainted with all that was going. She said she never knew what might be useful to father; so she called the yellow bundles her DAILY TOWN TALK.

On the morning of the day the House was to meet, Swallow's telegram was in the pile. She always claimed afterwards that that eminent statesman owed her a day's news, for she did not get past his message.

"The clever wretch," was her first feminine comment. Her second thought was that she would spoil the game of this wily politician, and her third thought was, what was her duty to the telegraph company?

"Loyalty is not the best policy in this instance," was her decision, so she prepared to take a hand in the making and unmaking of cabinets. Her sympathies were entirely on the government side. Not alone was her father Premier, but her betrothed was private secretary to the Premier. A telegram to Percival Stillingworth put him in possession of the details of the conspiracy. The private secretary hurried with the news to his chief,

and a cabinet council was held just before the House met, when the course of action was decided upon. It was seen that it would be impossible to hurry the proceedings so that the Parliament could rise before the special train could arrive, so the government decided to borrow a policy from the opposition and talk against time.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be stated that on the opening day the British Columbia House meets at 3 p.m. to receive His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and to hear him read the speech from the throne. The pro forma business is transacted, and sometimes the address in reply is moved. But the Speaker can adjourn the House for dinner at 6.30, and can name any hour for the evening meeting, though night sessions are seldom held in the early weeks of the House meeting.

CHAPTER III.

POLITICIAN SWALLOW was very anxious that no reporter should see him when he boarded the steamer *Arc*. He wanted no spoiling of his *coup de main*. Therefore when he got out of his cab at the wharf he was irritated to find the gangway to the steamer blocked by a tearful girl who implored to be allowed to go to Nanaimo.

"My father is deathly sick," she wailed. "Oh, do let me on board."

Samuel Swallow could never resist a woman in tears, so he signed to the sailor to let the girl on the steamer. She could know nothing, and a good deed more or less was nothing to a politician.

Having assisted her as far as Nanaimo he could not refuse her passage on the special train to Victoria.

And thus it was that Bernice arrived at the capital at the same time as her father's political enemy. She let no one know of her arrival, but drove at once to a costumier's, where she was made up as Mr. Jeremiah Helmslow, the member for Cariboo.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Legislature was excited. When His Honor entered the House there were 17 men on each side, but the jubilation was all on the opposition quarter. They knew that a special train was bringing their eighteenth member and defeat for the government.

There was little attention paid that day to prayers, and even the speech from the throne was impatiently listened to. As His Honor left the House with his gilded and glittering staff, there entered Hon. Samuel Swallow. He was received with deafening applause by the opposition, and one or two excited members took time by the forelock and shouted out, "Resign, resign." Ere the echo of the words had died away in the dome there rushed into the House the member for Cariboo. And then the government side took up the cheer, and the opposition sat dumfounded.

The Premier rose to the occasion. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I beg to move that the House at its rising do stand adjourned till Monday."

"No, no," came the roar from the left.

Mr. Speaker put the question.

"The ayes have it," he remarked.

"Names, names," was the opposition shout, and the count showed 18 for and 18 against.

"I give my casting vote in favor of the motion," said the Speaker, and the House re-echoed to government acclaim.

"I beg to move that the House do now adjourn," said the Premier. The opposition insisted on another division, and again the casting vote of the Speaker saved the administration.

As the House rose the Premier went to thank the member for Cariboo for his opportune appearance, but Mr. Helmslow had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

A COUPLE of hours later the Premier was in his rooms at the Draird Hotel with his private secretary. The bell-boy brought him up a card.

"Ask her to come up," said he to the boy.

Bernice entered the room.

"Why, how did you come here?" asked her father.

"With the member for Cariboo, dad," she answered.

A knock came at the door. "Come," cried the Premier.

"A telegram for you, sir," said the boy.

The Premier opened it. "Sorry, but lost the boat at Vancouver; hope my absence will not inconvenience you. (Signed) Helmslow."

The Premier handed the telegram to his secretary and took his daughter in his arms.

A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

"THIS blasted colonial life is not what it's cracked up to be," said Godfrey Downing, as he shielded a book at the hurricane lamp, which was the sole means of light in the miner's cabin occupied by himself, two other Englishmen and an American. Fortunately for his skin, he missed the lamp.

"What the hell did you do that for, Downing?" grumbled Captain Carrol—they called him "Cap." for short along the creek. The book, which proved to be a copy of Shakespeare, caught him on the ear, and the blow made him mad.

"Keep your hair on, Cap," was all the satisfaction he got for the moment.

"Downing makes an awful nuisance of himself sometimes," mildly put in Fraser.

"You fellows make me beastly well tired," imitated the American, a man name Dease. "Why you can't even swear decently. You can't expect to get much satisfaction out of life here if you refuse to do in Rome what Rome does."

"But then this isn't Rome, Dease, you know," returned Fraser. "It's British Columbia."

"Oh, no, it ain't," replied Dease. "I'm willing to maintain that it's part of Uncle Sam's territory. But at any rate 'tisn't England; you fellows seem to imagine you are still in the Old Land, with your

'blawsted' and your 'donteherknows,' and your yellow leather gaiters. If you must swear—I never do, as you know—why God damn like a native son, and wear gum boots when you're working in the creek. At the least you'll keep your feet dry."

"Well, I'll be God damned," was Downing's surprised answer. And then, because he had been brought up on the Bible and *Sunday at Home* in the Old Country, he blushed like a tenderfoot, thought himself very wicked, and was glad the old folks could not hear him. Dease laughed. He knew Downing would do penance for that swear; probably he would go without cigars the next time he went to Spokane.

"Listen to the virtuous Downing breaking the eleventh commandment," broke in Cap, while Dease chuckled.

Having now introduced the four miners I will explain that they were hunting for gold on Forty-nine Creek, and there was a dispute as to whether the region was in British Columbia or the State of Washington. Since the days of this story the country has been surveyed by a joint commission, but at that period nobody bothered about it, and the Britishers and the American had innumerable friendly squabbles on the subject of sovereignty. At the few moments they did agree on the subject they called it that any man's land, Bohemia. When they wrote to capitalists they said their placer claims were marvelously rich.

"It only needs a little money to enable us to put up a dredge and make millions," Dease wrote to his friends in New York. But capital was shy. The Eastern mer would not bite at all, so the four

had to get along with rockers. They just managed to make enough to keep them in beans and bacon, and lay by a little on which to have a periodical bust in Spokane. The British Columbia towns were too goody-goody for them when they went on the spree.

It was a wild life they led. Apart from every influence that tended to soften it was a wonder that they did not become more loose in their behavior and hardened in character. As a matter of fact, they were four jolly good fellows of the pioneer type of whom the West is so proud. Strange as it may seem their good times in Spokane helped to keep them refined, while out of that town came petticoats that helped to make their fortune.

While in the city one night, the quartet entered their favorite restaurant for a midnight supper. As they passed a private box they saw the curtain at the entrance invitingly open, and caught a glimpse of white arms and dazzling shoulders. It was easy to "get acquainted," and over the wine the fair one promised to visit the mines. In the train on the way back next morning the boys passed a unanimous vote to the effect that she was a jolly good fellow, but were equally unanimous in the belief that she would never appear at the creek. To their great surprise she turned up a week later, and explained that, having a month's vacation, she was going to spend it with them. One day she put on miners' clothes and they all declared she made "a broth of a boy."

It goes without saying that each man quickly fell in love with her, and each knew that the others

were victims of the "Queen of Bohemia," as they called her.

One night, after the Queen had retired from the circle of her adorers, and the whiskey bottle had passed round three or four times, Downing remarked that he was "bally well sick of four men chasing one girl, and each being afraid to tell her that she was his only, only, all because it might be considered a low-down trick on the others." "I propose," he went on, "that we let the dice settle who shall have the first chance."

"A corking good suggestion," remarked Cap, while Fraser agreed, and Dease was understood to say that it was the only sensible remark he had ever heard Downing make in the course of years of intimacy.

"Quit your fooling and get the dice," said Downing to Dease, and the latter got the "bones."

"High man wins, first flop," he suggested, as he placed the dice on the little table in the center of the cabin, and the rest agreed.

"May as well decide to make this throw do for the whole lot," put in Cap. "Suppose she declines No. 1, the second man can try next, and so on. Perhaps the one who throws lowest will be the lucky man. Unlucky at dice, lucky at love, you know."

This course was agreed upon, and Cap was allowed first throw. The dice rattled on the table, and he was seen to have an ace and two deuces.

"Excuse me, Dease, if I say deuce take it," he genially remarked. "It looks, however, that I'm going to be the man unlucky at dice."

Downing got eight, Fraser twelve, and Dease three sixes.

"First call for the United States," the latter cried. "Old Glory leads. Better say good-bye to all your fond hopes, boys. The girl is mine."

The others, real good fellows that they were, wished him luck, and it was arranged that he should pop the question the next day.

"Nothing like getting the agony over quickly," Downing said, "and if you're refused why the next man can try the following day."

Dease chose the time of moonlight for his wooing. He left the other three to wash up after dinner, while he "took the Queen to see the peculiar effect on the falls of moonbeams," he said, with a wink to his less fortunate companions.

Dease was the kind of American whose courtships are short and sharp.

"Your Majesty wants a Prince Consort," he said, as he placed an arm around her waist, the better to guide her footsteps along the trail. "You can have your pick from this mining camp, but I am in duty bound to tell you that there's not a better man for the job than yours truly. Now may I tell the boys when I get back that we are engaged?"

"Well, I admire your cheek, Mr. Dease," was the rather surprising retort. "I don't mind your arm about my waist a bit, so long as it suits you to keep it there. I'm an intensely practical person, as you know, so you will not be surprised if I ask you how well able are you to support me?"

"Oh, there'll be no difficulty about that," cheerfully lied the American. "I've got a fourth in-

terest in our placer mine, and when we get a little Eastern capital into it I'm a millionaire."

"You have made me a proposal of which I am deeply proud," said the Queen of Bohemia, "and now I will test your love. I cannot give you a definite reply to-night, but I ask you, as an evidence of bona fides—remember we have only known each other a few days, and we met in a most unconventional manner—I ask you, to show that you really mean well by me, to make over to me that quarter interest in the mine. Will you do it?"

Now, Dease was no fool, and to tell the truth, he was not so head-over-heels in love, even with this dainty Queen from Spokane. But he thought he would chance it.

"Why, certainly," he replied, with seemingly the greatest ardor. "Tell me your right name, and you shall have the deed to-morrow. Then when will you give me your answer?"

"In two weeks time, at 8 P.M., at the Cœur d'Alène Theatre, Spokane," returned she.

Now that very answer only made Dease all the more curious. It was rummy, to say the least, that a lady should go to such a music hall at such an hour. However, he determined to see the thing through. Moreover, as he had not been definitely accepted, he decided to let the other men propose to the Queen of Bohemia, and he would hold his peace till the night arranged for.

The three following nights three different men desired to show the Queen of Bohemia the falls of Forty-nine Creek by moonlight.

The next day the Queen of Bohemia was missing.

And each man of the quartette knew that he had assigned his interest in the mine to the missing girl.

But nobody said a word.

On the morning of the day upon which Dease had arranged to meet the girl at the Spokane music hall, he announced that he intended to take the train to town. Curiously enough, each of the other men had business in Spokane.

Still nobody said a word on the subject of the Queen of Bohemia.

It was dinner time when Spokane was reached that night.

"We may as well all dine together," said Dease, "and then," he added innocently, "I'm going to take in the Cœur d'Alène Theatre."

"So am I," said Downing. "Me too," remarked Cap. "Also me," said Fraser.

And then they all laughed. The adventure promised to be amusing. How would it turn out, and what about the mine?

Nine o'clock found the quartette seated in one of the curious little boxes at the music hall. They had withstood the temptations of the gambling rooms, the photograph machines had no attractions for them, they had even passed by the bar. They whispered to the man at the door that if a lady asked for them they were in the box. Number 14 had just been announced as they took their seats. With languid curiosity they turned to their programmes and saw that the name opposite the number was that of Edward Howard, female impersonator. No suspicion of the truth entered into the heads of the Englishmen, but Dease smiled.

From the wings there stepped a dainty vision, and tumultuous applause greeted no less a person than "the Queen of Bohemia."

"Ain't he a corker of a woman," the four heard from a female voice in the next box.

Just then a note was handed to each of the party. In every envelope there was a document relating to the placer mine on Forty-nine Creek, and a note which ran thus:

"If you can forgive my little joke meet me at the Bianca restaurant in half an hour's time, and I will introduce you to some real girls. I return the quarter interest in the mine. Edward Howard, Queen of Bohemia."

"I vote we go," said Downing.

They went, and in Spokane they still sometimes tell of the wild night indulged in by four miners from "No Man's Land," and their companions, of whom a certain one called the "Queen of Bohemia," was the top notcher.

Shortly afterwards the much-wished for dredger appeared on Forty-nine Creek, the money for it having been put up by the same Queen, and though the creek did not yield its millions it gave a comfortable sum to each man interested. The four miners are married now, and they have not told their wives of that glorious night in Spokane when the Queen of Bohemia turned out to be a man. That is why I have not given their real names in telling this veracious story.

"HORSEFLY BILL'S" REVENGE.

"HORSEFLY BILL" was mad. He flung himself into the barber's shop in Barkerville, took a seat, laid his revolver upon his knees, and told the operator that if one drop of blood was drawn while he was being shaved he would shoot him dead on the spot. No gore was seen after Bill had got rid of three days' growth, but the barber told a friend, strictly in confidence, that if he had cut Bill's chin he was prepared to finish the job by slitting the Cariboo Gold King's throat.

"If anybody had to die that day," he remarked, "I was going to take good care it was not me."

Those were jolly days up in Golden Cariboo. In this century a man then who has a fancy to carry a revolver makes acquaintance with the inside of one of British Columbia's skookum houses (jails) or pays a fine of \$50, which is more than the darned revolver is worth.

"Are you in your right mind now, Bill?" I asked, as he paid the sullen barber, and stroked his chin. "If you are, you can tell me what you were swearing at just now; if you're not, I don't want to hear, for your language is a little too flowery at such times, even for me."

I was one of the few persons up in Cariboo in '60 of the male sex who could take liberties with "Horsefly Bill." All the women could do so.

That's the reason he died poor after making millions.

"Poking your nose in, as usual, newsy," said Bill, and the calmness of his language showed that he was at peace, even with the barber. "Well, come and have a drink, and I may be able to give you an item for that G—— d—— paper at the Coast, which don't know the truth when it sees it."

I smiled at Bill's little pleasantry. It was the only thing to do.

"A little beast of a lawyer from Victoria refused to have a drink with me, and the parson stopped me from putting a bullet into his blue-blooded hide," said Bill, as a great horn of hootch disappeared down his throat. "You can bet that made me mad. But I'll get even with the blankety, blank toad," he added. Whether he did or not you can determine for yourselves.

That same night Bill introduced me to Lawyer Dukeley. I didn't like the looks of the man, otherwise I might have warned him to be on the lookout, because when "Horsefly Bill" got his temper up in the tropics, things were bound to happen. The mere fact that Bill was so friendly with the little lawyer man after the morning's experience ought to have made the latter cautious. However, he was greedy to get rich quick, and, like most of his sort, went nearly bust in the attempt. But, as the lady novelist says, I am anticipating.

Dukeley, who was by no means averse to making money in a loose way so long as his robe was not in danger, had had a change of heart concerning Bill, because the Gold King had hinted at a scheme by

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when Dukeley could get rid of what he thought was a valueless claim for the thousand dollars it had cost him to buy it. That was why the pair were chummily boozing together. I never heard the full details of the scheme, because Bill refused to tell them.

"I'm not aching to go to jail just yet, even for the satisfaction of getting even with Dukeley," he said when I pressed him on the subject. "Of course you wouldn't tell, my boy, but somehow or other these things get around."

All I was able to gather was that someone sold Dukeley \$500 in gold nuggets, and that with them the lawyer "salted" his claim. He put the claim on the market after cleaning up \$200 worth of the nuggets, and got \$1,000 for it. One of Bill's agents bought the claim. Dukeley thus got back \$700 of his original investment, and before he left the camp he endured the agony of seeing "Horsefly Bill" take \$25,000 in gold out of the "salted mine." But Bill hadn't done with his little friend the lawyer. I am sure he had determined to drive him penniless out of the camp but he didn't quite manage to do that. You can't entirely skin a shyster lawyer.

The Cariboo Gold King went to great lengths to have his revenge upon Dukeley. One doesn't have to be a lawyer to know that his actions were criminal. However, he's dead now and cares not a rap for British, nor any other kind of earthly justice.

Dukeley announced one day that he had had enough of the gold fields, and was about to return to Victoria. He expressed the confident belief that

"Horsefly Bill" would yet stand in a criminal's dock, and the fervent hope that he would be allowed to prosecute him. He would ask no fee from the government to act as counsel for the Crown, he remarked.

When Bill heard this the air around was rich with many a choice grammatical expression which, unhappily, cannot be given to the polite world of to-day. But he swore that Mister Dukeley would pay through the pocket.

Within a week the lawyer set out for Yale in a private stage. He carried most of his ill-gotten wealth with him within the vehicle. He had sent a few thousand dollars by registered mail a few weeks before to a bank in Victoria. All went well till a roadhouse about seventy miles from Yale was reached. There, over the dinner table, Dukeley got into conversation with a stranger who had much to tell him of the latest news in Victoria, and the more recent happenings in the outside world as brought from San Francisco. The stranger had made a hurried trip from the Pacific coast, and was full of items which were intensely interesting to a man who had been buried for months in a northern mining camp.

"Which way are you going?" Dukeley asked of his new-found friend, when the stage driver announced that it was time to be moving forward.

"Well, I have to go to Barkerville, but I have left some important documents at Yale, and must return for them before resuming my journey north," answered the stranger. "I am going on the next stage down."

"I can gladly give you a lift," remarked the lawyer.

"That's very good of you," was the reply. "Are you sure I shall not inconvenience you?"

As Dukeley hastened to answer in the negative the stranger was forced to place his hand over his mouth to hide what was either a smile or a yawn.

It was getting dusk when the stage started, and there was still ten miles to go before the stage would reach the roadhouse where Dukeley intended to put up for the night.

About half the distance had been covered, the stranger beguiling the way with his interesting record of late happenings. All of a sudden the driver heard the cry:

"Halt, and throw up your hands."

The driver, a husky, fearless man, thought somebody was trying to frighten him, and called back:

"Go on and take a tumble to yourself."

"Hold those horses, I tell you," came the voice, now almost under his nose, "or I'll blow your head off."

This indication that business was meant caused the driver to obey the mandate with alacrity. Meanwhile inside the stage a horrible deed had been enacted. The stranger had suddenly taken a small packet from his pocket and flung the contents in the face of Dukeley. The inside of the coach became stifling in an instant. The lawyer fell back, overcome with the cayenne pepper that had been thrown into his face, while the stranger jumped out of the stage, taking Dukeley's box of gold dust and nuggets. As he descended from the vehicle he closed the door so that his victim should

continue to get the effects of the pepper. Outside the stranger joined the other highwayman, and between them they bound the stage driver to a convenient tree. The horses of the stage were turned loose, and then attention was paid to Dukeley. The lawyer was suffering intense pain because of the pepper in his eyes. He was taken to the roadside and also bound. The stage itself was left in the middle of the road. The two robbers carried the box of gold a few hundred yards along the road to where there was a light vehicle attached to a pair of fast horses.

That was the last ever seen in British Columbia of that couple of gay robbers. The following morning a party of miners came across the two bound men and released them. Dukeley never fully recovered the use of his eyes, and he certainly never set those eyes on his gold again.

When the news of the holdup reached Barkerville nobody connected "Horsefly Bill" with it, and whatever suspicions I had I naturally kept to myself.

But Bill got drunk that night.

THE BELLE OF SPUZZUM.

WHISKEY, women and gold. There you have the history of the Cariboo in brief. The Horsefly district of Cariboo was not the richest part of the country, but some men made fortunes there, including "Horsefly Bill" and "Red" Macaulay. They were partners. Whiskey and a woman led to the discovery of the placers, and Bill named the region because, as he put it, "the — flies were as big as horses."

The Indian tribes along the Fraser River still include among their old men some who fought against the "Boston men" near the head of the Big Canyon when the first gold rush was on. There was a woman in that story, as in most fights between men, civilized or savage. What matter that this particular woman was red? Her beauty was as powerful on the Fraser River in 1858 as that of any professional beauty in New York to-day, and thirty Indians and four white men lost their lives because of her. In thinking of this story I always remember what Siwash Jim said to me one day down by the Capilano. "Beware of the mixing of blood," he remarked.

Have you ever noticed that wherever there is gold there is always an American, an Englishman, a Scot, and an Irishman to be found? In the Fraser River rush, as to the Klondike, the "Bos-

ton men"—as the Indians call the Americans—were in the majority. As far as the United States was concerned not a few of these wanderers left their country for their country's good. American adventurers always have a keen nose for new goldfields. Turn up the old files of the *San Francisco Herald*—if there are any left—and it will be found that there was more excitement in California over the Fraser River discoveries in 1858-60 than there was in the British territory where the gold existed. The ladies of love and leisure flocked northward; Ballou started a Fraser River express service overland from California to the goldfields; Wells, Fargo were quickly on the scene, and many of the wild and woolly characters who had made San Francisco too hot to hold them, found escape from the Vigilance Committee on the Fraser River bars. They introduced whiskey and smallpox—the curses of the Siwash. These reckless characters were guilty of deeds that brought out the worst passions of the red skins, and it was the action of abandoned "Boston men" which precipitated the outrage at the Big Bend Canyon, the history of which is written in red on the totem poles.

The woman in this case was Miwanda, daughter of Chief Jack. She was seventeen years of age, and an ideal picture of a girl in red at the time the Devil's Dance began on the banks of the Fraser. She was the belle for a hundred miles around Spuzzum, and many a brave had lost his heart to her before ever the tramp of white feet was heard at Yale, or the footprint of a "Boston man" was left on the river's sands. Her father considered no man of the nearby tribes rich enough for his

beauty, yet she only cost "Red" Macaulay two bottles of whiskey, and turned out to be dear at the price. If Miwanda had been a white girl her figure, in various stages of undress, would have admirably suited the publishers of certain sensational illustrated periodicals. She was that kind of girl.

"She is the finest bunch of loveliness I have seen since I struck this damned country," remarked Macaulay in the days that he was called Ned, and had only just come north. It is certain that he would never have seen the "damned country" if it had not been for an urgent note he received from the San Francisco Vigilance Committee one fine morning. When he got that billet-doux Macaulay stood not upon the order of his going from San Francisco. When he made his remark on the banks of Fraser Tim Maloney chimed in with:

"Why don't ye corraill her?" Tim was a bit above Indian women, no matter how enticing. He got his degree at Trinity the year King Edward was born, but chucked learning to the dogs for the excitement of San Francisco, and several barrels of the nearest thing to his native whiskey.

"The old chief gives a fellow no chance," said Macaulay. "He keeps a pretty watchful, if somewhat boozy, eye on his blooming peach."

"Yes, but he's too fond of the bottle to keep those eyes open all the time," answered Maloney.

And it was when Chief Jack fell a victim to one of the ills that Indians have ever been heir to since whiskey was introduced that he disposed of Miwanda for two bottles of Scotch. The whiskey came from the store of the great fur company, and

was, therefore, good in the sight of all men—no matter the color of their skins. But it brought damnation and bloodshed to Big Canyon.

"Well, old Chief Jack's as drunk as a fiddler, and looking for more booze," said Maloney to Macaulay. "Now's your chance to get the girl you don't want to leave behind you."

Macaulay sought the chief, and a bargain was struck. When the two bottles of Scotch had been safely delivered, and Chief Jack had duly sampled both, he called his daughter, put on his most dignified manner, and addressed her thus:

"Miwanda, the white man has found favor in my eyes and wishes to belong to the tribe, so that when I go to the happy hunting grounds you and he may reign in my stead. I therefore give you to him in marriage."

Now, Miwanda was no fool. She looked at her father, she looked at Macaulay, and she looked at the two bottles of whiskey. She knew, and the look in her eyes was not favorable to a peaceful honeymoon. She had had other thoughts of her future, being beloved by a young buck who rejoiced in the translated name of Cow-hoe. This young fellow had followed Miwanda to her father's tent and heard the infamous sentence of marriage. As the chief pronounced the word marriage Cow-hoe noiselessly stole away. He came back in a minute, clutching at a dagger in his breast. The sight that met his eyes only inflamed his passion. Macaulay was showing Miwanda beautiful articles of adornment. He was wooing her in the up-to-date fashion of the white man, and it was novel to her.

With a shout of rage Cow-hoe dashed into the tent and buried his hunting knife deep in the heart of Chief Jack. Then he turned towards Macaulay, but the latter was ready for him, and a bullet in the head put an end to the earthly career of the young buck.

The first blood had been shed in the Fraser River gold rush.

Instantly all was commotion in the camp. Fast paddlers took word of the tragedy to Governor Douglas at Fort Langley. Meanwhile Colonel Moody, of the British gunners and sappers, arrived at the Big Canyon at the head of an insignificant force. But British law and the majesty of red jackets had a great effect on the turbulent camp. Colonel Moody proceeded to arrange an enquiry. The troops reached the camp on a Sunday, and with the colonel church always came before worldly duty. He conducted service on the bank of the river, and forty miners heard the Lord's Prayer for the first time in many moons. The Indians watched the worship from a distance, and manifested great interest in the religious ceremonies of the white men. After the service Colonel Moody quickly got down to business. It was only five minutes after the last amen that he was examining witnesses. The inquest was held in a shanty which did duty for a store.

Outside the shack the Union Jack had been planted, and twenty-four Engineers stood on guard to uphold the weight of Queen Victoria's authority. Macaulay and Maloney gave evidence, and a natural verdict was easily reached, viz., murder by Cow-hoe, justifiable shooting by Macaulay. The latter, however, was severely fined for supplying

liquor to an Indian. On account of the red blood that had been spilled, and because of his red wife, Macaulay ever after was known as "Red."

The murder of the old chief and the death of Cow-hoe marked only the beginning of bloodshed. "Red" Macaulay knew enough about the nature of Indians to realize that the whites at Spuzzum, where there were no soldiers, were in danger. Colonel Moody and his men were forced to return to the south, so Macaulay called a miners' meeting.

"Miners," said he, "we are in a dangerous position. We have got to face the music. Those Indians will never rest till they have avenged the death of their chief. Cow-hoe killed him, but they will blame me. Will you stand by me, boys?"

"You bet your boots!" shouted a man in the crowd, and the assent was taken up all around.

"Well, lads, we will have to take the initiative," went on Macaulay. "Our best plan will be to march to Long Bar, where the main body of the Indians is encamped, surprise the redskins, and conclude a treaty of peace. At least that is my idea; has any one got a better suggestion to offer?"

"Kill all the damned redskins; don't let's sign a peace treaty, wipe the lot off," exclaimed an excitable French-Canadian.

"In my opinion that would be folly," said Macaulay. "In the first place, there are too many Indians in the country; secondly, that would put us in conflict with the government; thirdly, these Indians will be useful to us later on as guides and miners."

The policy of peace was adopted. Then Maloney had his little word to say:

"We must have a captain," he remarked. "I propose 'Red' Macaulay. He has shown that he has real grit."

So Macaulay was elected the head of the expedition to Long Bar. He managed to scare up a fighting following of 150 men. They marched without delay to a point about four miles from the Bar, and then sent a flag of truce to the redskins. Instead of honoring it, the latter stamped upon the flag. Macaulay and his party, thus rebuffed, camped for the night. Before morning an attack was made on them by the Indians. Maloney and three French-Canadians were killed in the confusion, but the tide turned, and thirty redskins bit the dust before the rest fled. "Red" Macaulay followed them up and forced the new chief to make a treaty of peace. He continued his march along the Fraser River to the Thompson River and concluded treaties with 2,000 Indians. Along the Fraser there was no further trouble with redskins, and thus a "Boston man," though responsible for the outbreak, was also the chief instrument in securing the whites from molestation by the blood-thirsty natives.

Macaulay's men immediately disbanded, and made for the goldfields of Cariboo. "Red" and his partner were the first to proceed to what became known as the Hardsilly country. They had to endure much hard-ship on the way. Of course Miwanda accompanied Macaulay. But he soon tired of her, chiefly because he thought she brought him bad luck. While she was with him neither he nor his partner, Bill, came across any signs of gold. He got rid of her in a peculiar way. The little

party reached Quesnel Forks tired, disgusted, and almost hopeless. The men had about made up their minds to go back to the United States. Ten dollars was all they had in cash, and their provisions would not last more than a week longer. Bill was out prospecting one day, and Macaulay sat in the little tent cleaning his revolver. He was turning over in his own mind whether the rush for gold was worth all the accompanying hardship when he heard a step. Looking up he beheld the queerest character he had seen in all his travels. He afterwards described his visitor as "a man in a large canvas overshirt and a huge grey beard." The stranger eyed Macaulay's revolver, which was of the newest type, and said:

"Say, Cap, what kind of a shooting iron may ye call that?"

"This is the latest revolver," replied Macaulay.

The newcomer pulled out an old Colt's revolver that looked as if it might have been the first made in the manufactory, and said:

"I don't believe they can make them as good as this nowadays. This old fellow has been with me ever since I struck this country five years ago, and I'll shoot a match with you for ten dollars a side, just to prove my words."

"But I've only got ten dollars, and don't care to risk that. I may need it," said Macaulay.

The canvas-shirt man looked around the tent and saw the Indian woman. His eyes lighted up just as if he had not seen anything feminine in the five years he had mentioned.

"I'll make the bet \$100 against that woman," he declared.

"Done," cried Macaulay, and he determined not to win. Here was an excellent chance to get rid of his bad luck.

The stranger made a mark on a tree, and gave Macaulay the first shot. The bullet went wide. Then the stranger took careful aim, and deposited his bullet right in the centre of the mark.

Macaulay could hardly restrain his joy. He had not desired to abandon Miwanda, but he had fervently longed for a way to be rid of her, and this was a most excellent opportunity.

"She goes cheap again," said he, "and I wish you joy."

The stranger took out of his pocket a small bag of gold dust.

"Here," said he, "you ought to have something in exchange. 'I know where there's lots more of this stuff.'"

"The devil you do," replied Macaulay. "And if it's all the same to you will you kindly put me next." His eyes were almost bulging out of their sockets as he spoke.

"I don't care," answered the stranger. "Gold isn't much good to me. I'm going to stay in the country the rest of my life with the girl here. The gold came from over there," and he pointed to what is now the Horsefly. Then he took the unresisting Miwanda by the hand, and was never heard of again among the whites.

Macaulay waited for Bill to return, and the two then stampeded to the new district. From that day luck changed. "Horsefly Bill," indeed, became one of the gold kings of Cariboo. But Macaulay did not care about staying in the country

after he had made a quarter of a million. The gambling halls had no attraction for him; the dance halls never had "Red" as a patron. He went down to San Francisco, and took up with a white woman who loved his gold more than she did him. After all the nature of women is the same, red or white. The last time I met him in San Francisco he was tottering on the brink of the grave. He was interested, however, in a report that a new field of gold had just been made in Horsefly. Some people declared that it was only a fake report, spread abroad by people who wished to get rid of some claims.

"What do you think, Red?" I asked.

"Gold is where you find it, my boy. Good-bye."

And good-bye it was. "Red" Macaulay, I learned a few days later, crossed the last divide the same night.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE MISSIONARY.

WHEN Kwama wandered into the missionary's house she was attired in a chemise. The Rev. Alwyn Thompson did not blush when he saw her—he was used to apparitions of that kind. He simply raised his eyebrows and remarked:

“Why don't you wash yourself, Kwama?”

The language he spoke was Chinook, but it is a barbarous jargon not fit for these pages.

The question surprised the Indian girl. “Why should she wash?” She had seen the missionary do it, and had watched with wonder when Mrs. Thompson performed her ablutions, but that she, Kwama, should be thought capable of such useless exertion amused her, and she laughed. The character of that laugh was so bewitching that the missionary found himself, almost unconsciously, glancing at his wife, whose face appeared to him too sour to evermore be transfigured by the smiles of courtship days. “But that laugh sounds dangerous,” he thought to himself; from which it will be gathered that years of toil among Indians had not taken all the old Adam out of the British Columbia missionary.

“I have come for some medicine for grandma, not for a lecture,” replied Kwama, as she gazed saucily at the cleric.

"Why don't you take warning by your grandma?" asked the Rev. Mr. Thompson; "she is suffering now as much from uncleanness as from the awful things she eats."

Kwama was dirty—there was no doubt about that. But despite dirt and whale oil she was beautiful. And she knew it. Neither was there any doubt of that. And she had visions. Ofttimes when she huddled with the rest of her wretched family in the tumble-down shack on the Reserve, she had thought of the fine ladies she had seen in Victoria and Vancouver, and restlessness and longings, that she hardly knew the meaning of, had come over her. She had silently rebelled at her position as a red outcast. And after all she was not very red; and she knew her figure was as good as that of the whitest lady in the land. Why could she not be as one of those who dressed in purple and fine linen? But first she must get education. She knew that and shuddered. She did not like learning. The days in the mission school were days of torture to her. But that morning, when her grandma had sent her to the missionary for some Epsom salts, she had determined to ask Mr. Thompson to take her education in hand again, and then she would go to Victoria and cut a dash with the rest of her sex. Poor, primitive child of nature, she knew not the crooked course of the white butterflies of fashion. But knowledge was to come to her, and all the pain that follows the taste of the fruit of the tree.

"I have heard you say," she remarked to the missionary, "that cleanliness comes next to godliness. Help me to become even as a white woman."

She would have liked to say also, "but not as your wife," but child of nature though she was she had the art of not saying things.

And as she made the request she had an attitude of such sweet simplicity that the Rev. Mr. Thompson saw only the budding beauty of the girl of seventeen, and none of the dirt he had been so severe about when she first opened the door of the mission house. Mr. Thompson was a well-meaning missionary, but he forgot always that charity begins at home. He gave his wife a large family, and much household drudgery, and grew morose because he missed the freshness and brightness of the charming girl he had brought from an Ontario town to the wilds of the Pacific coast seven years before. The man of the church had reached a dangerous period in his life at the time that Kwama was soliciting his services on behalf of her unwashed body as well as for her soul. He had arrived at a turning point in his life when either he would renew his love for his wife or else he would answer to the call of the world. And so it was a fateful day when Kwama's grandmother sent her to the mission house for medicine.

"My child," he answered, "I will do my best to instruct you in the way you should walk so that you may be a bright and shining example to your tribe."

Kwama, clean and in a new white chemise, was an object of delight for any one to gaze upon. Mrs. Thompson remarked on her altered appearance, and suggested to her husband that the costume of the girl was hardly quite correct, even on an Indian reserve not much visited by white men. But

Mr. Thompson was degenerating, and in his fall he delighted in the glorious appearance that Kwama presented, and was glad of the excuse of custom which allowed Indian girls to be robed in little else than their own charms when in their own homes.

"Why seek to put absurd ideas into her mind," he answered, "about dress and the adornment of the person? It is enough to leave our own people to such vain thoughts."

Mrs. Thompson meekly accepted the implied rebuke. She had too much washing to do, and too many mouths to feed to dwell long on the subject or give more than a passing thought to Kwama's many appearances at the mission house, and her airy costume. But into the mind of the Indian girl herself the poison of contact with the missionary was beginning to work. In a subtle way Mr. Thompson had conveyed to the girl the regard which her beauty forced from him. At first he had fought against his own unfaithfulness to his wife, but the inward conflict had been half-hearted, and his "Get thee behind me, Satan," was not uttered with any too much fervidness.

He stood at the parting of the ways when Kwama coaxingly said to him one morning—her education having meanwhile progressed rapidly as far as how to read and write, and speak went:

"You must take me to Victoria. I cannot live here with these dirty Indians"—she had learned the use of soap and water as well as Lindley Murray.

What was the missionary to say to that? The demand was so simple; the effect might be very

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terrible. And yet the request opened up, as he then thought, a fascinating vista. He could enjoy life with Kwama. He could taste of the joys of passionate living.

Thus he argued in the forest, where none of the eccentricities of civilization, none of the galling bonds were noticed to remind him that men and women cannot always live the life they may wish to.

"Take me to Victoria, and you can do with me as you will," the girl said, artlessly enough it appeared.

And that settled it for the Rev. Mr. Thompson.

He explained to his wife that morning that he would take the next steamer to the capital, and would there "place Kwama in a convent to finish her education." The lie seemed to come easily.

"She must have proper clothes," said Mrs. Thompson.

"Of course," replied he, though he had not thought of it. "But there is plenty of time for you to make them; the boat does not go for five days."

And so the wife slaved to adorn the girl who her husband calculated should fill the position that he had never given the Ontario belle a chance to qualify for.

But when Kwama put on the home-made garments the missionary had a revulsion of feeling. The dark face and hair under a hat trimmed with violets appeared to have lost some of its charm, the hiding of the lissome limbs by the skirt of brown, and the total disappearance of the rounded bosom beneath a blouse of gray, produced in him a sharp feeling of disappointment, and it was borne

home to him that he had been gratifying an animal passion which was unworthy of any white man, and particularly blameworthy in a missionary. But the voyage to Victoria must be undertaken. He knew enough of the temper of Kwama to be aware that an explosion in his home would result were it put off. He must get rid of the girl, and then make his atonement to his wife for his unspeakable perfidy. He gazed at his partner in life with intense eagerness as he held her in his arms and bade her good-bye. He at last sorrowed to see the lines of care so early on that brow which a few years ago was unruffled, while the grey hairs showing among the brown pained him.

"God bless you, darling, and keep you safe till I return," he said tenderly, and the unaccustomed address, and the feeling tone in which the words were uttered stirred the heart of the woman, which had been growing heavier as the days went by, and love seemed to have departed. She lay on her bed and wept as the steamer went on its way, but the tears were more of joy than sorrow.

Meanwhile the missionary took staterooms for his charge and himself. He left Kwama to her own devices while he lay on his bunk, and decided his future. In his cabin were God and Devil. He arose from the conflict the man of God that his mother thought him on the day of his ordination.

As for Kwama, she had taken off her clothes in her little room, and was surveying her beauty in the small glass that the cabin contained. Her thoughts were of the meanest type. Did she love the missionary? Her lips pursed at the thought. But he would be useful at first until she got into

the swim. She was aware that some of the proudest families in Victoria had a red strain in their blood. Why should she not have corsets and rustling skirts, and be even as the best among them? The missionary had given her an education to fit her to hold her own at least in that town: she could supply the requisite means for rising in the world. She smiled as she thought of the means, and caressed her bosom and turned half round so that she might glance over her shoulder at the curves the glass showed to her. She had been born with the knowledge of evil in her, and she had used the missionary to start her on the broad path.

When they reached Victoria the missionary had intended to take her direct to the Girls' Home, for he had determined to carry out the decision he had come to in that terrible struggle in his cabin. But in the cab she said to him:

"It will only be necessary to get one room at the hotel."

The remark was accompanied by a glance that set his pulses stirring, and his blood ran hot. But he was conscious of a feeling of repulsion, and his eyes began to open.

"What a fool I have been!" he thought. "The girl hopes to make use of me, and I have been thinking that it was I who was leading her and not she who was tempting me."

Still he knew that without him she would still have been at the village, just one Indian girl among many. She was bound to break out, he was aware, but had he been strong the blame would not have been his. He would carry the scar to his grave.

"What am I to do with her now, after that declaration?" he muttered.

The problem might have frightened a man not a missionary, to Mr. Thompson it was a horrible burden. He could only wait till he got her to the matron's room in the home. There he talked seriously to her. But she was tearful and reproachful.

"You taught me to love you," she said, "and now you would desert me and condemn me to the horror of this home. I will not stay here."

"But you must, for a time at least," he answered weakly.

"I will not stay in this place," she angrily retorted. "I will tell the matron all, and also that you invited me to go to a hotel under your name."

That threat made the man strong again.

"I see now how it is, Kwama," he said, "and I thank God that He has made me pause ere I did this grievous sin. You know you are beautiful, my child, and the longing has come to you to go into the world and exert that beauty on men. But in your innocence you know nothing about the manner of life that is the only one open to such as you. You make a false start at the beginning with me. Can you think it possible that the people here would believe that I, a missionary, would have taken you to wife? Our world is very small, and I am known to be married. It will be for your own good if you remain in this home and fit yourself to become a teacher among your own people, an instrument in the hands of God to lead them to the true religion. I deeply repent of the course I have

taken; will not you do the same and agree to what I say?"

Looking at his earnest face, Kwama knew she had failed at the very beginning; that the time had come to dissemble. She had no intention of ever returning to her native village as a teacher, but she appeared to give in, and said:

"It shall be as you wish."

So the Rev. Mr. Thompson left her in the hands of the matron and returned home. He had the problem to face whether he should make a full confession or not to his wife. He decided, after a long struggle, to keep the secret locked in his own breast, but to give her a life-long devotion to make up to her in every way possible for his previous neglect, and for the cares he had brought upon her. The first thing he did was to resign his mission. He knew the work was too hard for her and the isolation too terrible. He took her back to Ontario, where he entered city work.

And she was happy again.

But before he left Victoria for the East he enquired of the matron about Kwama. He learned that she had refused to stay in the Girls' Home, and had been taken up by a well-known man about town.

He bore the burden of that sin through many years, but when he died his wife said of him that no better husband ever breathed on this earth.

As for Kwama, her end was in the Potter's Field.

"SILVER JACK."

Just why he was called "Silver Jack" nobody in the camp knew. He came to Kaslo in the first rush to the "Silvery Shocan," and, knowing gambler that he was, he left before the bottom dropped out of silver, and the eight-hour strike did away with the payroll. In some respects, indeed, the name was inapplicable, for he was no friend of 16 to 1, he never read a speech of Bryan's, while "cross of gold" hysterics didn't appeal to him half so much as a woman's tears.

A mining camp in British Columbia is much the same as one in any part of the Western States, save that weapons are conspicuous by their absence. On British soil revolver play doesn't pay—which is one reason why the Kaslo undertaker went into the furniture business.

"Other folk won't die and I must live," he explained apologetically.

To-day Kaslo is as quiet a place as a Young Women's Christian Association boarding house, but in the early nineties it was a noisy, godless town, with the lid lost somewhere in the clouds among the mountains. Tents and shacks straggled all over the flat on Kootenay Lake, upon which it was built, and the river ran through its centre. Now that busy, ever-talking stream marks the north-western boundary of the town. That stormy night,

when the river changed its course, Silver Jack proved that he was something more than a gambler.

Jack had once, in the intervals between poker and black jack, tried to earn a living running a weekly newspaper in a little Washington town. He found that it was a good way in which to starve decently. Moreover, the vein on the mine he was industriously booming petered out, and as he did not believe in getting widows and clergymen to invest in barren rock, he sold out the paper and went back to cards.

"Mining's a gamble too," he used to say, "and I don't see why there need be any cheating. There's no marked cards and no dealing from the bottom of the pack when I play," from which it will be gathered that he was too good to live in Seattle. He used to lounge into my office in Kaslo sometimes, when he knew we were short-handed, and set up a little type. "Oh, it's just to keep my hand in," he would say if I tried to thank him.

"Come out for a walk, old man," he remarked one night as he dropped into the office just as the mail sack was being closed up and the big edition of 500 copies of the local paper was off my mind for a week. We took our way up the side of the hill that formed a background to the camp. Surely in no other part of the world are the nights so beautiful as in the mountains of British Columbia. Arrived at the summit we turned to gaze upon the scene beneath. The town in the moonlight looked like the bivouac ground of an army—and so it was, but the army was composed of fun-loving, card-loving, whiskey-drinking miners, intent on cap-

the riches of the Slovan by day and spending at night the wealth so obtained on wine, women and cards. Rough and unpolished as most miners are, who can help but love these pioneers of civilization? Think of the lives they lead, far from the home of their youth and the first friends of their manhood; think of the lack of gentle influence, and then remember the services they render to the State up there in the everlasting hills, and you, too, must admit that they are men to be proud of. They have their faults, who has not? But they are chiefly faults of the head, not of the heart. Who cannot forgive their vices? Their sins are of the same character as those perpetrated in the cities, the chief difference being that the miner performs his openly while the dweller in the city gets behind curtains, and thinks that he is not as the poor sinner yonder.

Beneath the star-spangled heaven Kaslo was a city of peace that night. Up on the hill we could hear none of its noise, no oaths polluted the pine-scented air. Kootenay Lake, calm as the face of a Sister of Mercy, spread out from the camp like a black velvet train studded with diamonds. The only sounds were the constant roar of the river and the never-silent talk of the forest.

"Silver Jack" aroused me from my reverie.

"Does the river not sound a warning to you?" he asked suddenly. "Is not that a dirge it is singing on its way to the lake?" His hand, which felt a little unsteady, was upon my shoulder. "I am afraid of that river," he went on. "How harmless it looks to-night, like a silvered ribbon on a woman's sleeve. But these mountain streams are

constantly changing their course. If the Kaslo River ever gets into flood I know it will carry D Avenue out into the lake."

"Well, what if it does, old boy?" I asked. "For my part I think that would be a very good job—unless you own some of those red-light shacks upon the street."

"Don't make light of the matter, please," he said very quietly. "The woman I love lives there."

I had blundered on to a tragedy. But I knew enough to hold my tongue.

"I can't bear to hear a man speak lightly on that subject," he went on after a pause. "These women have souls, remember that. Moreover, don't forget, when you listen to the denunciation of the preachers, that a man is generally responsible for each woman who has to choose a home in the red-light district." He paused again.

"You know Black Jess, of course," he went on suddenly.

I could not repress a start even under his hand. She was the most notorious woman in Kootenay, and the most beautiful.

"Ah, I see you do," he went on without my answering by word of mouth. There seemed to be tears in his voice. "She was the daughter of a clergyman back in the Eastern States. We lived in the same town, and were to be married. A fellow from New York came down one day, was smitten with her wonderful beauty, enticed her with his cursed gold and jewelry, and—well, the rest is easy to imagine. But I feel as bitterly towards that man to-day as I did five years ago. I hear he has followed her to Kaslo," he added.

"Jack, you wouldn't——," I was beginning, when he interrupted me.

"Never fear, my boy," he said. "I wouldn't stain my hand with the blood of such a wretch, but I mean to prevent him having anything more to do with Jess. Moreover, I am still as determined as ever to rescue her from this life. Time and again I have asked her to be my wife, and on every occasion she has refused. But I believe that before a month is out she will at last give in to me; but I must keep this scoundrel away from her. If she sees him again she will waver. To me she is just as pure to-day as when I wooed her. Oh, yes, I can shut out the past. A bold thing to say. But you cannot have loved as I love Jess! The attitude of vice she puts on, just as she would don a gown, is not natural to her. She does it to keep up the character she was forced into when that fellow misled her. But enough of that. How that river has acted on my nerves. Come on," he continued, with a marvellous change of voice and manner, and with his feelings again under control, "let's go down town and join the black jack gang. You can be extravagant for once."

Billy Jackson's saloon on Front Street, where the big play went on nightly, was a low-lying, one-story building, with many and remarkable means of egress. Besides the front door there were contingency doors, not much used at the time of which I write, because Kaslo was wide open then. The barroom, with its long mirror and complacent studies in the nude, was just like any other in the West. As we entered we had to pass a man who was leaning on the polished counter in an attitude

of dejection. He had found "Lardeau Jack" more than a match for him at poker, and the drink he had evidently just gulped down was like the tin-roof cocktail—"on the house."

It seemed to me that the stranger tried to brace up as "Silver Jack" eyed him, but he collapsed again as my companion passed into the black jack room without speaking to him. I paused at the bar to get a whiskey sour—Jack did not drink. "I can't afford it in my business," he told me once.

Having invited the stranger at the bar to "get in," he took advantage of the opportunity to say, as he put his glass down:

"Has 'Silver Jack' got any money?"

As I asked myself who could be this man who talked so familiarly of my friend, my mind went back to the talk on the mountain, and it came to me in a flash that this must be "the man from New York." As I compared the bloated, fat and greasy-looking loungeur who had betrayed Jess, with the active, distinguished-looking man who had chosen to become a gambler and a wanderer from mining camp to mining camp, I could not help wondering at the curious contrariness of women. Of course I forgot that, at the time when Jess had preferred this fellow to Jack, he must have appeared to her the gallant of the great city. In working the ruin of Jess he had also encompassed his own moral death.

I went into the gambling room without answering his question. At the moment I opened the door from the bar someone slipped out at the back

of the card room. A gust of wind rattled both doors to with an ominous sound.

"The wind is coming down the divide with a G—d—clatter to-night," commented a bearded miner on the right of the dealer.

"Well, if it doesn't blow me a black jack it won't blow me any good," said the latter, as no individual expressed a desire to be "hit."

The dealer looked at his cards and found himself with fifteen. He dealt himself an ace, hesitated, then turned another card. It was a 6.

"Well, 21's good enough," he said, as he raked in all the money on the table save that of "Silver Jack," whose stake he doubled, for my friend held a queen and an ace, and decided to take the deal. He was just in the middle of his first shuffle when a door was violently flung open, and a shout was heard:

"The river's rising, the bridge has went," we heard, and, regardless of grammar the owner of the voice rushed to the next saloon to spread the doleful tidings.

"Silver Jack" was the first man to reach the street. The river even then covered a quarter of a mile at its mouth in place of the few feet which had marked its boundaries the previous night. I swiftly ran in the direction of D Avenue, knowing that the gambler was sure to make his way there also. But progress was soon impossible. Where the avenue had been but a short time before, the angry mountain stream now swept with a force already sufficient to cut a new bed through the centre of the town.

Above the whistling of the wind I heard the

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sound of a piano. It came from the direction of the lake.

"Good God," exclaimed Jack, who turned up at the moment, "Jess is afloat in her house. No other woman would have the nerve to play her own funeral march."

The flood had swept all the boats from the waterfront. But that did not daunt the lover.

"Come with me," he shrieked so as to be heard above the sound of the gale and the roar of the waters.

We made our way through the storm to the foot of the hill, and from there took our way down the slanting road to the mill in a secluded bay. There we found a boat. It took us but a minute to launch it, for the storm had not reached this backwater. Once out in the main lake a terrific battle commenced. How we lived through it I do not know. What before I had thought of as "a woman's train studded with diamonds" had taken on life and semblance of a woman scorned. Lake and river combated, and it seemed as if the prize for which they strove was that frail shack which contained Black Jess. Kaslo River rushed roaringly into its enemy until its influence could be felt half way across the lake. The sound of the angry waters was taken up in the mountains and echoed in many a cunning cave and curious hollow. A man who came over the St. Mary's divide a day or two later told me that the sound of the conflict struck terror into his heart, and he, having found religion, expected to find Kaslo like Sodom. As a matter of fact, on the day of his arrival, the sun shone brilliantly on the tented scene, and nature

was as smilingly radiant as any city Venus after a bath.

To us in that small boat, it became a question of saving our own lives as well as of reaching the floating house which carried the disheveled love of the gambler. The coolness of "Silver Jack," the strength of his arm, and that undying love saved us from destruction that night. Had we given in for an instant, had one base thought to go back been entertained for a moment, Kootenay Lake would have wrapped us in its ice-cold shroud.

At last we reached the house on the waters, and I wondered how we were to board it. A horrible voice from the shack called to us that if we tried to get aboard a bullet would end our lives. I recognized the tones as those of the man who had been in the barroom. Jack was rowing stroke, but though his back quivered, his arm was none the less powerful, and he took no notice of the threat. A shot was heard. For a moment I wondered where I had been hit and why it was I was still able to pull. Then I found that no bullet had come near me.

The problem of how to get on to the house was solved by an eddy, which took us out of the fury of the lake and deposited us on a sand spit in front of Beautiful Falls, which, I strangely noticed, musically plashed amid the din of the storm. Tying the boat to a fallen tree, we got on to the house and entered the sitting room. It was empty. The shack seemed unnaturally silent after the storm without and the sound of the piano was still in our ears. Jack leading, we went into the bedroom, pre-

pared for every emergency but the one we had to face.

On the bed was the lifeless form of the stranger, and beneath was the seemingly dead body of Black Jess. The gambler flung the body of his enemy to one side, and it huddled in the corner, looking like a mass of clothes propped at curious angles. As Jack took the form of Jess in his arms, she opened her eyes.

"Thank heaven," was his fervent exclamation. "I thought he had killed you," he said.

"Ah, no," she answered weakly, "it was I who shot him. When he made that threat to kill you I seized the gun, and, scarcely knowing what I was doing, pointed it at him. When I heard the shot I fainted, and his body must have fallen across me. But, Jack, how glad I am that you were not drowned. I was in such terror when I saw you coming across the lake to save me. I am yours now, dear Jack, for ever," she said, and about that time I thought that a view of Beautiful Falls by moonlight all alone was about the best thing for me.

THE CULTUS TRADER.

SIWASH JIM serves King Edward. "The Great White Mother sleeps," said he. "Siwash Jim and Chief Dick now take orders from Edward Rex."

It was characteristic of Jim that he placed himself before Chief Dick. Jim is the policeman at the Indian rancheree, near Vancouver, and he serves the blue papers headed "Edward Rex," which Chief Dick only signs.

In front of the residence of Siwash Jim is a huge totem pole. In the evening, when he begins to feel lonely, Jim returns to the bosom of his family; in other words, he communes with the totem pole, for upon it, in many a fantastic curve, is written the history of his forebears. Jim is not able to transcribe that part of the pole which tells of the family relations previous to the landing of Captain Cook at Nootka in 1778. Whether his ignorance is real or assumed I have not yet been able to fathom, but this much is pretty certain, the history was written in a bloody writing.

One day when Jim was in a particular good humor, he asked me to come and sit beneath the totem and drink in the glories of the past. I thought it an excellent chance to hear a chapter from the totem pole.

"You would like to hear something of Jim's

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history," he remarked, in answer to my question. "The war fever is in your blood," he went on, "and you cheer the men who go fight the Boers, so I will tell you the story of the man who levelled his sukwalal (gun) at the Hyas Tyee (Sir James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island in the fifties) in the days of my father.

"Your Douglas was made Hyas Tyee over all the land by the Great Mother, who sleeps at Windsor, over there beyond the mountains where the railway runs. My father was then chief of the Cowichins.

"There came among us a white trader. He was peshak (bad) at heart. We called him cultus, which in your way of speaking, is worthless. He sought to exchange firewater for furs. One of our young braves had a valuable otter skin which the white man wanted. But Qualichin did not love whiskey, and he intended the skin for Mowasa, a beauty of the tribe.

"One night, while Qualichin was sleeping, the trader came to his tent to steal the skin. Qualichin awoke just as the cultus man was escaping. He cried to him to stop, but the white man ran on, so Qualichin shot him. How could he help it if the man was shot in the back? The white man was running away. We tended the wound and cured the trader, but he brought evil upon us by reporting all manner of bad things to the Hyas Tyee at Victoria.

"The great Governor believed the tales of the trader, and he came up the coast in a Queen's ship. When at Saanich he sent for my father.

"'Cowichin,' said he, 'you have a young man in

your tribe whose hands are stained with blood of a white trader. You must give him up for trial at Victoria.'

"My father was overcome with grief. He knew that the trader was a liar, but he knew also that the Sons of the Mother stand by each other through good or ill.

"We are the servants of the great White Mother,' he answered, 'but the white trader must have lied to you.' And he drew himself up as if naught but truth was spoken by one of our tribe. (Jim told me, in strict confidence, that there were some rogues among the Cowichins as among the Songhees, their natural enemies.)

"My father," continued Jim, "told the Governor that the trader came as a thief to steal, and that Qualichin shot to save his property.

"He must be given up to justice,' replied the Governor. 'I myself will take him to Victoria and see that he has fair trial.'

"My father sighed. He was well aware that Qualichin would never come back from Victoria without the mark of the skookum house (prison) upon him. He asked for time to consider.

"The White Tyee was always fair to his opponents, and he granted the request. That night there was a great talk among the Cowichins. The young among the tribe were for a fight, but the elders pointed out that there were guns on the Queen's ship in the bay, and men in blue and leggings who never missed when they shot.

"Qualichin ended the talk by saying: 'I shall give myself up to the White Chief in the morning, but to-night I would be with Mowasa.'

"The morning dawned, and the Governor appeared.

"*'Cowichin,'* he commanded, and there was that in his voice which made even my father tremble, *'bring out your prisoner.'*

"But the spirit of our ancestors was with my father yet. He looked at the Governor, and there was grief and lofty purpose in his kindly eyes.

"The men from the war vessel were as stones of blue.

"*'Do not ask it, Governor,'* he replied. *'I cannot give him up.'*

"The Governor lifted his hand, and the stone monuments took on life. They marched in front of us and stood with guns ready at the shoulder.

"Our tribe had weapons, we outnumbered the men from the ship. But what was our skill to theirs, our discipline to the machine! (Jim was there in the spirit as he was telling me the story.) For a few moments it looked as if Cowichin River was to run red, when Qualichin stepped forward. The light of the mad was in his eye. He held a Hudson Bay gun in his hand. Mowasa was nowhere to be seen.

"*'I will go to the White Chief,'* he said.

"He walked slowly towards Governor Douglas. Half way he got, then, quick as a flash, he raised his weapon and pointed it at the Tyee. He pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire.

"Governor Douglas made no sign. He was a brave man. But my father was as one who was mad. Treachery of the kind was unworthy the Cowichins. Better a year in the skookum house than that.

"He ordered Qualichin to be seized in order that he might be bound and handed over to the ship's men. The White Chief stood by calmly. It was as if he was in the fort at Victoria under the protection of the guns of the Great Mother.

"Qualichin was bound, and my father himself handed him over to the whites for trial. Treachery deserved death, and Qualichin was hanged to a tree in front of the whole tribe.

"The maidens went to comfort Mowasa. They found her in Qualichin's tent with Qualichin's hunting knife in her heart."

THE PASSING OF CALLICUM.

(A Story showing how Spain lost British America.)

LORD OF BURKARD INLET in 1790 was Callicum. Big and broad was he, as was the acreage over which he hunted. Red was his color, and rare were his attainments—for an Indian of that day.

Siwash Jim can trace his descent back to Callicum, even as the Champion of the King can produce a chart showing how he is descended from one who came over the English Channel with William of Normandy. And the Siwash is as proud as any champion when it comes to ancestry.

But Siwash Jim is lord only of a whitewashed shack and a few lots. "The white men were ever land grabbers," he says.

What were the happy hunting grounds of Callicum are to-day the city of Vancouver, and the municipalities of North and South Vancouver. Callicum passed from this earth in a violent manner, and to the everlasting disgrace of Spain. But the passing was big with results.

The Pacific coast is a history book, and he who runs may read a little of the romance of its transformation from a forest to the halfway house of empire. The very air of the Canadian coast is redolent of Cook and Mackenzie and Vancouver,

while even to what is now United States territory the glamor of British enterprise clings. A British naval officer gave his name to Puget Sound, while Mt. Baker, which towers above the State of Washington, owes its cognomen to one who came out with Vancouver in the troublous times at the end of the seventeenth century.

Captain James Powell, of His Majesty's survey ship *Egeria*, looked upon the receding Terminal City from the deck of the *Empress of India*. The White Liner was slowly steaming towards the Narrows, which divide Burrard Inlet from the Gulf of Georgia. Captain Powell was on furlough and was en route to China. As he stood on the deck of the Canadian Pacific liner he presented a notable figure. That he was a Britisher was evident at the first glance. But there was a gracefulness about him which called for a second glance, and which told also of Southern blood. A pretty American tourist was heard to remark that he reminded her of a gallant Spaniard she had met in Madrid. It was not of the city of Vancouver that the attractive captain was thinking, but of a fair Spanish girl whose features were displayed in the ancestral hall in Kent.

At Point Gray his great-grandfather had won that lovely girl in 1792, and it was Point Gray that loomed yonder.

"Do you think there will be war?" questioned one merchant of Cheapside of another in 1790.

"I do not; I think Spain will back down," was the answer. "She has no real excuse to offer for

her highhanded action at Nootka, in capturing that British merchant vessel."

"But can you tell me where Nootka is?" asked the first merchant.

"You must excuse me, but I have an appointment," said the other, as he hurried away. From which it will be seen that Englishmen were not better acquainted in those days with the Pacific coast than they are to-day.

Spain in 1790 was no more prepared for war with Great Britain than she was to meet the United States one hundred years later, after the blowing up of the *Maine*. Fortunately for His Catholic Majesty, the struggle was averted, Spain agreeing to make reparation, and acknowledging Great Britain's right on the northwest coast of America. King George sent an expedition to Nootka under Captain Vancouver, and British Columbia had a beginning. That expedition represented a penny of Empire in comparison with the vast sums which have been spent in building and maintaining the newer Britains which line the shores of the Seven Seas. But that penny is yielding compound interest in pounds.

On Captain Vancouver's ship, the *Discovery*, was a Lieutenant Powell. In 1790 the vessel entered Burrard Inlet, and one June day anchored near Point Gray. There were two Spanish vessels there.

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome you," remarked the Spanish captain to the Englishman. "I may say, however, that at Nootka the fleet awaits you."

So Captain Vancouver continued his journey to

where were three Spanish frigates and a brig. This latter, the *Active*, flew the broad pennant of Señor Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

And at Nootka, where the *Active* lay, the Powell romance commenced.

Lieutenant Powell was the first English naval officer to step ashore from the *Discovery*.

"I am sent," said he, with a bow to Señor Quadra, "to inquire if a royal salute to the flag would be accepted?"

"It will afford me great pleasure to exchange compliments with the noble captain," was the gallant reply.

As he passed back to his boat the Englishman noted among the household of Señor Quadra, a maiden of rare beauty. For many months Lieutenant Powell had seen no white woman, and the glory of this bud of Spain captivated him at first sight. Isabel de Alba was of the seductive type of woman.

Rose colored was the report of the susceptible lieutenant to his captain. He dilated upon the courtesy of Señor Quadra, but he said nothing of the maiden.

"We are to settle this question amicably," said Captain Vancouver to the Spaniard, "so shall we, as a start, name this island by our joint names?"

"By all means let it be Vancouver and Quadra Island," returned the Señor. "And why not, captain, have an exchange among our officers so that they may have a chance to get acquainted while the surveys are being made."

"An excellent plan," warmly replied Captain Vancouver.

And thus it was that Lieutenant Powell found himself on the *Princessa* and learned that Isabel was to make a tour of the island on the vessel.

In that island-encircling trip England fixed her stamp upon the Pacific coast of Canada and Spanish sovereignty hopes found a grave beside a murdered chief.

When the *Princessa* rounded the south of the island her commander decided to visit the brigs at Point Gray. There was an Indian settlement on the shore where dwelt Chief Callicum.

Upon the arrival of the *Princessa*, Callicum, his wife and child, put out in a small canoe with fish for the officers. A Spanish subaltern would not allow them to pay their respects to the commander, and roughly took their fish away. The commander was drinking in his cabin while the Northwest Empire of Spain was passing away.

"Peshak, peshak." (bad, bad), remarked Callicum.

Spoken in the peculiar clicking tongue of the natives, the words sounded harsher than they were. The reckless young Spaniard seized a musket from a sailor and shot Callicum. The body fell over the side of the canoe into the sea.

"You young fool!" exclaimed Powell, as he snatched the musket from the Spaniard before he could do further harm. "That is how you destroy your Empire."

Isabel came on the deck at the moment, and Powell gently explained to her the cause of the trouble.

"How terrible," said she. "Our nation is so hasty. And what a blow to that poor woman," for

the chief's wife had broken into wild lamentation.

The woman and her child were taken ashore by native friends who witnessed the inhuman crime. Powell went below, and shortly afterwards the relatives of the murdered chief ventured to the Spanish ship to beg permission to search for the body beneath the vessel. The murderer was still on duty, and cruelly refused until the afflicted red-men had collected a number of valuable skins as a ransom for the corpse. The body was found and the skins paid over.

That night a council of war was held.

When news of the further outrage was given to Powell he sought the Spanish commander.

"Sir," said he, indignantly, "do you not know that your men are assaulting the glory of Spain? Acts like those committed to-day kill your sovereignty. Moreover, are you prepared for reprisals?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear lieutenant," replied the commander, "you take this little matter too seriously. Such affairs are unfortunate, but how small! Why trouble about them?"

"But, sir, you do not know the nature of these Indians. Have you doubled the watch? They are sure to attack us."

"Nonsense, lieutenant, they will not dare. They fear us too much," was the captain's reply. "You are new on this coast, allow us old-timers to know a little more than you." He spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

"If not for your crew's sake, sir, then for that of the Señorita Isabel, I ask you to strengthen

the guard for the rest of our stay here," said the Englishman.

"Ah! lies the land that way, lieutenant?" tauntingly asked the Spaniard.

"Sir," rejoined the Englishman, haughtily, "this is no time for talk of that character; look after your ship," and Powell turned on his heels.

"The young cub, so he loves the daughter of the admiral. These dogs of Englishmen look high," muttered the commander. But he gave no orders for more security.

The night passed quietly, save for the wailing of the women on the shore. If the Spaniards had felt any alarm, it vanished with the dawn. They had not seen the braves in council.

But Powell was still worried. He looked for an attack next evening. When night arrived he was detailed at the commander's dinner table. He was very uneasy, but after the manner of his reception when he gave warning, he could not bring himself to mention the subject again.

The Señorita loved to walk on deck at night-time, and give herself entirely to the silence. In a new country the absolute stillness after dark is all-possessive. As Isabel sat watching the stars a couple of canoes put out from the village. She did not see them; she was gazing westward to the far east. Stealthily half a dozen Indians boarded the *Princessa*. They had seen that there was only the subaltern and one sailor on deck with the girl. All three were seized before they could utter any alarm. As quietly as they came the canoes went back to land.

The absence of the subaltern was discovered when

the watch—if watch it could be called—was changed. The officer who came to relieve him called the commander, who ordered all hands on deck, and also sent for Isabel. When her loss was discovered, he cursed his luck for not taking the Englishman's advice.

"It is useless doing anything till morning," said the commander.

Lieutenant Powell chafed at the delay. At day-break he aroused the commander and asked to be put in charge of the search party. The request was agreed to. Selecting a dozen of the most likely Spaniards, he made his way to the shore and found the camp deserted. The Indians had retreated to the primeval forest; pathless to whites, the home of reds. There were, however, evidences of the route taken by the Indians, and Powell and his men followed them up for the day.

When night came the Englishman realized the foolhardiness of the enterprise, but what man of Kent in his position would have abandoned it? None, though the little party was in the midst of the forest; shut out from the sea, perhaps with foes all round.

"I cannot let the Señorita be carried away without an effort to save her," said he to his men. "You know the danger; will you stand by me?"

"We will, sir," they answered. They spoke as Englishmen, because they liked the northerner who was leading them.

At the dawn they started again, and somewhat to their surprise, and rather to their dismay, came upon the redskins in an hour. The natives were expecting them, and were drawn up by hundreds in

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a clearing. They knew all about the pursuit; they could have annihilated the party in the night. But there was a noble sensibility among those woodmen. Callicum had drilled into his tribe generous and hospitable ideas, and the example of the murdered man was still strong.

"It would be useless to fight this horde," the lieutenant said. "I must try to induce them to peacefully give up the captive."

But there was one man that would never return to the *Princessa*.

Bound to a tree, with a dozen arrows in the body, was all that was mortal of the unhappy subaltern. It was easy for the lieutenant to obtain the return of the Señorita and the sailor. His joy at the fact was unclouded by the death of the Spaniard.

"The fool deserved it," he told his brother officers, when the *Princessa* returned to Nootka, and Powell was retelling the story the night before he was married to Isabel by the father confessor of Señor Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

It is over a century now since the flag of Spain has implied any ownership in the land which to-day is British Columbia.

A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY PIG.

[Note to American readers: This, of course, is an entirely Canadian view of a now settled boundary question.]

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States nearly went to war because of a pig. It was really a valuable porker—a Berkshire with a pedigree as long as that of a Derby winner. It certainly proved costly to Britain for, between it and the Emperor of Germany, England lost its title to the island of San Juan, which British Columbia to this hour thinks should be a part of it. Americans and Britishers know little about Canada, even to-day, though much is heard of an American “invasion” of the Dominion, and though the British are always talking about “that loyal colony, Canada.” Not one out of a hundred is aware of what the San Juan dispute was over. While Americans may read a brief reference to the matter in their school histories it is certain that the English do not, so they cannot understand how surprised the people of British Columbia were when Emperor William I. handed the island over to the United States. Here is the story just as it came from the lips of an old-timer. It is right that both British and Americans should read it; the former, that they may obtain some idea of how the early settlers worked for the

Empire, the latter, that they may the better understand the attitude of their neighbors when such matters as the Alaska boundary come up for settlement.

"Yes, sir," said the old-timer, "it was a pig that lost us San Juan Island, leastways the pig and the German Emperor. The one would go rootin' around Lammie Carter's garden, thinking all the time it was Hudson's Bay Company ground—as it was, mind you. The other had a sort of Alverstone affection for the United States. I s'pose—one can't account for the Emperor's decision otherwise. However, both pig and Emperor are dead now. Bless me, but pigs and emperors do cause a lot of disturbance while they're alive, don't they now? If I was in Germany I s'pose they'd have me up for what's that they call it? Yes, lese majeste. Sounds queer, doesn't it?"

"Of course you don't like the rest of those ignorant Britishers, do you, who don't know where San Juan Island is. It's one of those little islands in the Straits of Fuca, not far from Victoria. They do say that the trouble between Britain and America over that spot was chiefly fomented by an officer from the Southern States in the hope that the two countries would get fighting. That's as it may be. I'm in a position to take my affidavit that the pig started it. You know, being a man who has read his book sides that given in the books at home, that San Juan Island was occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, and the United States didn't care a continental about it in those days, being otherwise strenuously engaged. The Hudson's Bay Company owned most of the

earth hereabouts for a good many years until Uncle Sam had a few moments to spare—then he kept shoving the company northwards. As for Downing Street, it didn't care a damn about the island at any time, though it so bravely wrote that 'the Government, under any circumstances, must maintain the right of the British Crown to the Island of San Juan.' A terrible lot of 'maintaining' it did. The company, Uncle, or the pig was welcome to this cursed country, where 'the salmon wouldn't rise to a fly.' And Uncle, he was mighty cute when the proper time came for him to take action. He fomented trouble, all the same Panama, and then stood back to see if any dust was raised by Britain. But to Peel, Russell, Dizzy, and all those Johnnies this was part of 'those wretched colonies,' and Britain took to polite letter-writing. Do you notice how times have changed? The 'damned colonies' have become 'dear daughter nations' now. It makes me tired. As daughters we're giving away the same old dots to Uncle Sam though, when he comes around as a suitor. Maine, Washington, San Juan and Alaska is a pretty good gift to anybody. You could stick England in there and wonder where it had disappeared to."

"But it did pretty nearly come to a fight," I interjected.

"Sure, and that reminds me that I'm getting away from that blamed old pig. The old fellow came around the Horn on a Hudson's Bay sailing ship. If he'd only been converted into pork on the voyage we might have had San Juan Island yet. He wasn't at all lonesome, that old porker, when

he got here. He found friends, descendants of the first settlers in 1843. His year of arrival was somewhere about 1858, and it was only four years previous that Uncle Sam had started to look at San Juan just like old Ahab did at Naboth's vineyard. In the fifties the Hudson's Bay Company had what the lawyer fellers describe as a 'right to the island by occupation.' But Uncle Sam never did care a whoopin' hell for such right. He got to crowing about Lewis and Clark, and other coves who had come across country after Mackenzie, Fraser, Thompson, and other British fur-traders, had shown them how to do it. Great men, those Americans are, to follow up the British, claim their land and get it, too. Smart fellers, you bet. Why, they're going to hold a Lewis and Clark exhibition on ground that is British by rights and American by gall.

"However, we've lost track of Mr. Pig again. With its sheep and its horses and its pigs the Hudson's Bay Company didn't want any Americans on San Juan Island. But it couldn't keep 'em off. Those chaps from the other side of parallel 49 have the ubiquity of the Scots. Go where you will there's always an American. They squatted on San Juan Island; didn't give a damn for the H. B. C., no, nor for the Widow of Windsor. They didn't pay the H. B. C. anything, and, mind you, they weren't any too anxious to cough up the dues which a nerry United States Customs Collector came over from Puget Sound and demanded in 1854.

"The Hudson's Bay Company gave that collector a warm reception, let me tell you. Agent Griffin

quickly informed him that Old Glory didn't fly over San Juan Island. You see he knew his facts better than the old German Emperor, who afterwards dealt with the island. The Collector got saucy when it was suggested to him that he had better right about face, quick march, so Griffin dropped a line to Governor Douglas at Victoria. The old Governor was up to most American tricks, you bet, and he went over to give the United States Customs man some excellent advice, which, I regret to say, that gentleman did not take in good part. Of course, what the Governor really told him was to 'get the hell out of here,' but his words were much more polite. The Governor never used bad language. What! never? did you ask? Well, hardly ever. His nibs from Puget Sound went back with a flea in his ear. He had the confounded gall, however, to appoint a deputy collector and issued a bold defi by saying: 'I place this man here to represent the United States; it is to be seen who will interfere with him in the discharge of his lawful duties.' The British answer to that was to hoist the Union Jack over the Hudson's Bay quarters—mind you, those quarters had been put up in 1843 and this was 1854. I must say that Collector was a game old sport. He rushed to his schooner and unfurled the United States revenue flag. Old Begg relates the incident in that history of his. The Governor landed a boat's crew from the Hudson's Bay steamer which had taken him to the island, just as a British hint, you know, and went back to Victoria. The American deputy didn't stay long. He met a few wild Indians, and his hair stood on end. He reasoned that if

he wanted to keep his scalp down, he'd better make himself scarce. So he followed the Collector back to Puget Sound. By the way, did you ever stop to consider that Puget was the name of a British naval officer? Sure.

"After that the whole tribe of United States Customs officials had it in for the Hudson's Bay Company. The Washington State Legislature passed a farce, which it called an act, attaching San Juan Island to Whatcom County, Wash. The Sheriff of the county seized a number of Hudson's Bay sheep—'on account of taxes,' he said—and sold them by auction. The Hudson's Bay Company put in a big bill for damages, but I never heard that it got a cent. When it comes to settling that kind of thing, there's nothing strenuous about your Uncle. In order to be on the safe side, the Governor of Washington diplomatically disowned the seizure and issued instructions to all territorial officers to abstain from acts 'calculated to provoke conflict.' That was all a piece of the bluff, for deputy collectors took quick turns on San Juan. With them it was quickly come and swiftly go. The Indians, who had no use for 'Boston men,' scared them all back. Then that bellicose patriot, General W. S. Harney, took a hand in the game. His experiences in 'suppressing' Indians, seemed, as some Englishman said at the time, to make him forget the lessons of international law he learned at West Point and he engaged in 'improving' a British colony off San Juan Island."

"But what about the pig," I ventured to ask again.

"Well, mister, I'm really coming to that dog-goned porker now," he replied.

"Before we reach the interesting period, suppose we drink a health to the great Anglo-Saxon powers, Britain and the United States," I said.

"I'm with you," he replied, and we did.

"That pig, sir," went on the old-timer, "gave Harney his chance. That animal was not satisfied to root on the acres and acres of land which the Hudson's Bay Company indisputably owned; it must poke its nose in an unenclosed patch which Lyman A. Cutler claimed. The American became the man behind the gun and Mr. Pig turned up his toes. The agent of the company waited on Lyman and demanded compensation. The American's reply was to threaten to shoot any other of the company's stock which came on the ground he claimed. That pig was more powerful dead than alive. The company reported the affair to Governor Douglas and the dogs of war were almost let loose; only the tact and forbearance of Douglas prevented. The Governor made representation to the United States and Harney posted to Victoria to take the matter up. The latter visited the island and received a petition signed by Cutler and twenty others, claiming to be American citizens, demanding 'American protection in our present exposed and defenceless position.' I'd like to bet that Harney started the petition. At any rate, it was just what he wanted. He acted on it right away. He did not communicate with his commanding officer, nor with Washington, nor with the British, he took matters into his own hands and really courted war by sending a com-

pany of United States troops from Fort Bellingham to occupy the island,—mind you, it was, nominally at all events, British soil. Captain Pickett was in command of the Americans. You will remember he afterwards became a general in the Southern army during the Civil War. Pickett landed despite the protests of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"It certainly looked like war now. And the British Government at last rose to the occasion. Fortunately it had a good man as the representative of the Crown in British Columbia. It was entirely due to the good judgment of Governor Douglas that a collision did not occur. Pickett, when asked to withdraw, had replied that he was merely acting under orders and would *prevent* any *inferior* force landing, would *fight* any *equal* force, and would *protest* against any *superior* force being landed. The British at first desired to send an equal force, so that they might see what Pickett was made of. A meeting took place between Captain Hornby, of *H. M. S. Tribune* and Captain Pickett. To the Britisher the American said he 'could not allow any joint occupation of the island until so ordered by the commanding officer.' He asked him to wait till he could communicate with General Harney, otherwise, he said 'the British would be bringing on a collision which could be avoided by waiting the issue.' It was a clever move to place the blame on the other side. It had its effect in preventing a fight, but the British sent the *Plumber* and the *Satellite* to join the *Tribune*. Captain Pickett, brave man that he was, recognized his hopeless position. He wrote to Harney and said the British 'have a force so far superior to

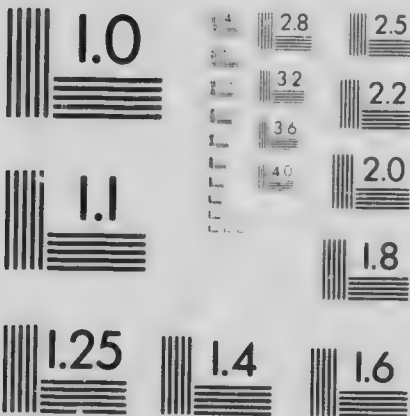
mine, that it will be merely a mouthful for them,' and he asked for immediate instructions 'to prevent a collision.' He also said that he had endeavored to impress them with the idea that my authority comes directly through *you* from Washington.' This attempt at deceit was unworthy so brave a foe.

"Harney ordered reinforcements to be sent to the island and meanwhile he and Douglas engaged in correspondence which showed that the General had acted on his own initiative, without the sanction of the President. When he found out that the British force far outnumbered any he could bring up he reported to Washington. The action taken by the President must have surprised the redoubtable warrior. Harney was superseded and the President expressed to the British Minister at Washington, Lord Lyons, 'regret and surprise' at Harney's 'unauthorized and unjustifiable action.' I don't suppose any of the American histories mention that trifling circumstance. General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, personally took command and arrived at Port Townsend on October 24, 1859. He immediately wrote to Governor Douglas and suggested joint occupation of San Juan until the governments of the countries 'should have time to settle this question diplomatically.' General Scott reported to the President that the absence of a collision had been due to British forbearance and that Harney and Pickett were 'proud of their conquest of the island and quite jealous of the interference.' Harney was recalled to Washington and



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General Scott substituted Captain Hunt for Pickett.

"The trouble between the North and the South was now in full swing. Great Britain refrained to press the San Juan difficulty on the United States in its hour of difficulty, so the joint military occupation of the island continued till 1871. In that year Emperor William of Germany agreed to be arbitrator of the dispute. A year later he gave his decision, which was wholly in favor of the United States.

"How he arrived at his conclusions beats me," wound up the old-timer, "and that's why I say that the blamed pig and the Emperor were responsible for the loss to Britain of San Juan Island."

THE LONG ARM OF UNCLE SAM.

"LET us start a revolution. Funds are getting low and a man must have money to live, even in Panama," said Paul Hillard to Patrick Finton—soldiers of fortune were both.

"We live on our wits," replied Finton, "which means more than the possession of filthy lucre. A man must have colossal cheek, a great face, a military chest, sound lungs and no heart to make a livelihood out of his wits."

"And he must be an adept at pulling a leg, to use one of your anatomical similes," put in his friend.

"Well, there are a pair of them waiting to be pulled; but talking of legs—pardon the expression in this connection,—here come as pretty a pair of ankles as I have seen for many a long day. How one does miss New York on a rainy day."

"Ah, the Señorita Mercedes," said Hillard as the prettiest girl in all Panama bowed to him. "May I have the honor of presenting my friend, Señor Patrick Finton, at one time a gallant Colonel in the United States army?"

"And now yours to command, señorita," murmured the gallant Irish-American. The rascal always had a "devil of a way with the women."

"And how is my good friend the Señor Emile Cartan?" asked Hillard.

"My father is very well, indeed, sir, and I be-

lieve, would like to see you. I heard him express a desire that you should call. Some mail which he received from Santo Domingo this morning caused him considerable apprehension," the girl said. "Oh, how I do detest the wretched politics of this country," she added.

"My repugnance equals yours, señorita," remarked Hillard. "I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on your father and, in my small way, shall urge him to have nothing to do with politics."

"You will earn my gratitude, sir," she said, sweetly.

"Sly dog," laughed Finton, as the girl passed on her way. "But what can be the news from General Barancillo?"

"I must find out. You shall come with me to see this ambitious Cartan. 'Tis he and the General who are to fill our depleted coffers. They have designs on the Government. They would make of Panama a separate Republic, with Barancillo at its head and Cartan as his chief adviser. There would be a pot of money in it for gentlemen with the parts you so neatly described a few minutes ago. But I fear that girl. Her father makes too much of a confidante of her. She is quite capable of giving everything away, from a mistaken motive of doing her 'dear father' a good turn. Why, she might even inform the United States of a neat little plot I was about to tell you of when she hove in sight. When I remarked that we might start a revolution, I was in deadly earnest. Now don't whistle like that. I don't like it. Besides, such a sound expresses too much surprise and the streets have ears in Panama."

"All right, my boy, bring on your revolution, I'm with you. It seems to me there's more danger in a tea fight than in a Central American revolution, so my precious skin is not in danger," was the reply of the irrepressible Finton.

"Of course this Cartan pretends that he desires to act solely 'for the good of my unhappy country'; they all do that. It is this canal business which has set him by the ears. He is a strong friend of the United States, to which we have the honor to temporarily belong, and, therefore, it is our bounden duty to aid him," pursued Hillard. "Now come with me and I shall make you a deep-dyed conspirator."

The conference that afternoon at the house of Emile Cartan was fraught with grave consequences, not alone to Panama, but to the United States. Though two of them knew it not the conspirators were aiding the cause of Uncle Sam. His long arm stretched out from Washington even unto Panama.

As Hillard had said Emile Cartan leaned on his daughter. She in her turn was glad at times to lean on Mr. Montgomery Owen, the handsome secretary of the United States legation at Panama. To his daughter, Mr. Cartan confided the chief points of that afternoon's talk.

"My child," he said, "our unhappy country is in dire straits. It is being sacrificed by the Senate, which refuses to pass the canal treaty with the United States. Our salvation lies in the canal and it is time that men of honor in Panama took the government into their own hands. Already General Barancillo and myself have opened nego-

tiations with the two Americans you saw here this afternoon and we shall strike to be delivered from the Colombian thrall."

"But, father, do you know enough of these two men to trust your honor to them? I confess that I like neither of them. They do not appear to me to be true Americans like—like Señor Owen, for instance."

"Ah, my child, I fear you are prejudiced in favor of the Señor Owen. He has stolen your heart, and it will be a sorry day for me when he takes my pretty Mercedes to his country. Don't blush, my dear. He has obtained my consent, much as I shall be sorry to part with you. I have hope that when all our troubles are ended he will remain here as the representative of his great and glorious country. But, with regard to our plans for freedom. My two friends are going to San Francisco. They have proved to me that they can get much support there in the way of money, a steamer and arms, which will enable us to strike the great blow for freedom."

This news made Mercedes very unhappy. "What can I do to save my father," was her thought, and naturally her American lover came into her calculations. She resolved to tell him all that she knew.

In a few hours the news was on its way to Washington.

Some days later, Hillard and Finton, with well-lined pockets, landed in San Francisco. They, too, had been in communication with Washington, but it was not to the White House that their letters went. They had revealed the plot to the repre-

representative of a certain European power which had been unusually active among the Colombian law-makers. That power thought it to be in its interests that the canal treaty should not go through.

When the couple from Panama stepped off the gangplank of the mail steamer, they failed to notice a clerical-looking man who, however, quickly sized them up as the pair he was waiting for. James Gardner, of the United States Secret Service, always deplored that he had been cast in Sherlock Holmes lines. His ambitions had been towards the ministry, but he could not pass his examinations—which was a good thing for Uncle Sam, for he had no more capable detective in his employ. Probably the reason for Gardner's failure in the one line and his success in the other, was that he hated the study of books and rejoiced in the study of man—and woman. He possessed to an unusual degree what may be called "the nose for crime."

When the two men from Panama called a hack Gardner did the same thing, and as Hillard and Finton had no idea that Uncle Sam was on their trail, or knew anything about their movements, to follow them was easy. After having seen to their rooms and their baggage at their hotel, the two conspirators were driven to a restaurant which had been a favorite dining place of Hillard's in days gone by. The manager effusively welcomed him back to San Francisco, and, at his request, conducted him and his friend to a snug room on the first floor.

"Had walls tongues as well as ears, my dear Finton, this room could many a tale unfold," said Hillard.

The manager retired and sent a waiter. When the former reappeared downstairs, Gardner stepped up to him.

"Let me see, I should know you very well," remarked the detective. "Somehow or other you are connected with my poor friend Don José Quadra, who was last seen alive here."

At this mention of a remarkable disappearance which had afforded even San Francisco a nine-days' wonder, the manager's face went a ghastly yellow.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he exclaimed.

"Pray do not get excited, my friend," said Gardner. "Who I am need not trouble you just now. I know a good deal about your concerns which you would dislike to have made public. But I shall not pursue so uninteresting a subject if you yield to a trifling request of mine."

"What is it?" asked the manager, anxiously.

"Well, my friend, for certain causes which I need not explain to you, I am interested in the two visitors you just escorted upstairs. I desire to be placed so that I may hear their conversation," said the detective. "In a place so conveniently arranged as yours must be, I am certain there should be no difficulty about that. And let me impress this fact upon you, they must not know that anyone is keeping track of them. If they learn of it, it will be only through you, and I need hardly say that the consequences might be rather unpleasant for you."

"As you say, nothing is easier," lamely replied the distracted manager, who was divided between

fear of Gardner and a desire to have him thrown out. He resolved that discretion was the better part of valor and led the detective upstairs to a little passage which ran between the private rooms. Here was an easy-chair and a small table and the detective was able to make himself comfortable while hearing the story of the Panama conspiracy.

"It is here that we are to meet the agent of the European, or rather let me say, our European Government," Gardner first heard Hillard remark. "In speaking of 'our European Government,' I do so with all modesty, knowing that it is the source of much gold. Ah, Patrick, my boy, a little European gold goes a long way in one of the fiery republics, does it not? Your pocket replies for you. I hear the chink now. Our milch cow will arrive from Washington to-morrow. Between his Government and these ambitious Central Americans, we should be able to lay by a goodly pile with which to enjoy a winter in Paris and Monte Carlo. How I long for the Bois de Boulogne and the Casino. I have not seen them for five years. I am getting rusty. What changes I shall see. And you? Do you not pine to see those charming Irish girls again, to haunt the night clubs around Piccadilly Circus, to take a run down to Newmarket or to Hurst Park and see an American horse win the Derby? Patrick, what do they know of life in this accursed country? Bah, I hate America, whether it be North, South or Central. And yet it is from it that the dollars come. Make your coin in America and spend it in Europe is the two-cent motto. Well, as soon as our dandy comes from Washington, he will produce the dough

for us to purchase a steamer and arms and hire a crew of cut-throats. Our passengers will all be gentlemen desiring to get rich quick in Panama, but Uncle Sam's curious customs officials will know them only as tourists. Our new Panama cabinet is all complete. General Barancillo is only too eager to be President, for our good friend Emile, there is the Department of the Navy, you, Finton, are to be Minister of War, while the Treasury department will be good enough for me. The first act of the new Ministry, if I have any influence in it, will be to put through a canal bill inviting our distinguished European friends to take up the enterprise. In that we shall meet the opposition of Monsieur Emile. But I have means to get Barancillo on our side and the majority always rules, dear boy, at least in Central America. Then we shall obtain more of the filthy lucre that makes the world go round, and I, for one, shall shake the dust of Panama from what the newspapers would call my immaculate patent leathers. I should be afraid of our dear enemy, Uncle Sam, but he is so busily engaged in the Far East and in Cuba, that he seems to have no eyes for what is going on under his nose."

"The conspirator proposes, but Uncle Sam disposes," thought Gardner to himself in the passage. "This jubilant plotter will find that the long arm of Uncle Sam extends not only across the Pacific Ocean, but down to Panama as well." And he went off to report to Washington. In a few minutes the State Department, by means of a cipher telegram, had all the details of the conversation before it. It was as if a phonograph had

been sent from the private room of the restaurant to the office of Secretary Shay. At the White House, a plot within a plot was woven that afternoon.

When next Gardner found himself in the convenient passage, three gentlemen were under his scrutiny in the private room. Through a crack the Secret Service man was easily able to recognize the man who provided Hillard and Finton with the snags of revolution. It is unnecessary, for the purposes of this narrative, to tell who was the man, or what the nation he belonged to. He was the power behind the scenes that made the marionette conspirators dance.

"My Government will not be slow to recognize your valuable services, gentlemen," Gardner heard him say. "As an earnest of its intentions, I have here notes to the value of \$50,000, which you will expend in getting arms and hiring a steamer. When you satisfy me that you are proceeding well to the required end, more will be forthcoming. I will give you the addresses of some of those who will be passengers on the vessel."

While this meeting was in progress, Secretary Shay and the President were in anxious conference at the White House. They received a telegram from San Francisco giving them an account of the gathering of the conspirators, the name of the European agent—whom Gardner had met while in Washington—in fact they knew as much about the affair as did Hillard and Finton.

"We must avoid hurting the feelings of ——," said the President, naming the European power, "and that means heroic measures in Panama."

"Yes, there is only one step to be taken," returned the Secretary. "A peaceful revolution must take place before these tinpot conspirators get there with their steamer and arms."

"There will be a terrible outcry in the Democratic press," the President remarked. "But we can afford to put up with that. We have faced worse for the good of our country," and he smiled grimly.

"I imagine that we shall read and hear a vast deal about this 'policy of the American Government,' and about 'dragging the Monroe Doctrine in the dust,'" said the Secretary. "The terrible charge of encouraging the secession of the canal state from 'the sister Republic of Colombia' will be laid at our doors. What a howl the yellow press will raise! I am certain, however, that the country will be with us when the truth is known. And having put our hand to the plough we cannot turn back. Already the *Dixie* and the *Nashville* are on their way to Panama, and the *Maine* is under orders to start at a moment's notice."

That evening a special messenger left the White House carrying important documents to representative men in Panama. Therein the Secretary of State laid bare as much of the San Francisco plot as was considered necessary.

Meanwhile, at San Francisco, Paul Hillard, the arch-conspirator, was energetically working to carry out his contract with the European agent, ignorant of the fact that the enterprise was doomed from its very inception. A steamer which could easily be converted into a small warship had been secured and a band of adventurers was ready to

go aboard at a moment's notice. The expedition was, indeed, all ready to sail when Hillard received a telegram from the agent of the European power as follows:

"Delay start. Wait for letter."

So innocent a despatch gave no inkling at the telegraph office as to the grave concern to which it referred and the messenger boy who delivered it must have wondered at the rage it put the recipient in.

"The guy who got that message almost went crazy," the boy cheekily said to the manager of the restaurant. "Reckon his mother-in-law must have recovered from a severe sickness."

To Finton the message was read and Hillard said:

"This can only mean one thing, Washington has got onto the job. Who the devil has been opening his damned mouth? I am perfectly certain it is not Barancillo. It must have been either Emile Cartan or that fool of an attache."

"What about Cartan's daughter? Perhaps she has had a hand in the game," said Finton, and he never knew how close to the truth he had come, for had it not been for her first warning to her lover, the plot might have been successful. "Well, I s'pose there's only one thing to do," concluded the Irishman, "and that is to cut and run. We ought to be able to make a good pile out of the bally warship. The European Government won't want that now."

"And do you think I'm going to give up this expedition just because that little fool at Washington says so?" asked Hillard. "Not on your

life. There's more to be made out of running down to Panama with the 'bally warship,' as you call it, than selling it here. Why, it would only fetch half what we gave for it. If you don't want to go on with the thing say so and I'll run it myself. For \$10,000 I'll buy you out."

"Done!" cried Finton, as he thought of a little girl at one of the variety theatres, with whom a trip to Europe would be a veritable delight.

For the volatile Irishman the sum offered meant six months of pleasure and he was prepared to abandon anything for that. He lived only for the moment. It was different with Hillard. His ambition was to make enough out of this revolution to enable him to retire permanently to Europe. Failure meant the blotting out of his ambitions. His dreams of gold were not to be shattered by a Western Union telegram.

"Well, good-bye, Pat," he said, "you've been a good comrade and I'm sorry you can't stay by the expedition to the last. This is my final throw, and I mean to make it a good one. By getting the steamer and arms to Panama I shall be able to make enough to live in comfort for the rest of my life. And I intend that the spondoolies shall be mine."

That was the last Finton ever saw of Hillard. A day or two later the latter sailed from San Francisco on his steamer *Valencia*, to make the bold attempt on Panama. But he had failed to take into account the long arm of Uncle Sam. Two days after leaving the Golden Gate, the *Valencia* sighted two United States warships which had been on the watch for her. Then, and not till then,

did Hillard realize that he was "up against it." He ordered the captain to respond to the signals from the warships and himself went below. Shortly afterwards an officer boarded the *Valencia* and asked for Mr. Hillard.

"He is in his cabin, sir," said the captain; "will you kindly go below?"

"Have him come on deck at once," commanded the officer.

The seaman who went to call Hillard returned in a few moments. His face was white under the tan and he stammered:

"He's killed himself."

The officer went below. There he found Hillard stretched across his bunk, dead. As soon as he saw the warships, Hillard had given up all hope of making a fortune out of the Panama conspiracy. He realized that the game was indeed up, as Pat had said, and rather than be taken hotheaded, he had cut his throat.

The body was committed to the deep and the *Valencia* was ordered to return to San Francisco. When it arrived there the newspapers were full of a "bloodless revolution in Panama." A *de facto* government had been formed, they said, in the canal state, a Republic formally proclaimed, and, most striking fact, the United States had immediately recognized the provisional administration and welcomed the new Republic.

Those on board the *Valencia* kept close tongues. How much they knew of the purposes of the expedition they declined to state to the curious reporters who put leading questions regarding their sudden return.

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Finton hurriedly left San Francisco and two months later, when Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Owen were in Paris on their honeymoon, they caught sight of him with a stylishly dressed American girl. Had the Owens been from San Francisco, they would have recognized in the latter a well-known figure on the vaudeville stage.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HAPPY
THOUGHT MINE.

IN these days the taint of commercialism is even over Love, while beauty's voluptuous charms have to take second place, not infrequently, to the stock exchange. In the romance of the Happy Thought Mine, however, both Bullion and Love have their place. And considering that beauty set out to find wealth and obtained it and a wedding ring, there is not much to be said against the combination. Love has a place in the ideals of many people where mere money cannot enter. Some of those who still have their ideals unsatisfied are married, and not unhappily. Their true knight has not yet come along, and they have had to be content with several thousand dollars a year. And really it is not marvellous that they are satisfied to dream only of the vision of their salad days, while they manifestly enjoy the dollars that the gods have bestowed upon them. But all of this is outside the region of the short story and may be looked upon with as much annoyance as an intruder at a delightful *tête-à-tête*.

Silver and such a common thing as a miner's strike, have much to do with this romance. The low price of the white metal and the laying down of their drills by the Slovan miners, caused dull times in the Kootenay towns in 1899. The British

Columbia miner is a peculiar being. He lives in Canada, but he allows himself to be subject to the dictates of a miners' federation which has its headquarters in Butte, Montana. Kaslo may be called the capital of the silver-lead district of British Columbia. It was about the quietest town in the whole province when the men said they must have \$3.50 per day of eight hours in place of a ten-hour day, and quit the mines because the owners said nay. It was easy to see that the town was hit hard, for the music hall closed and the painted ladies sought the other side of the boundary line, where the pay-roll was still in existence.

Under these conditions the Kaslo people were surprised when it was announced that a new mining broker's office was to be opened in their city.

"The man must have money to burn, or he must be easy," was the comment in the saloons.

But it turned out that there was no man in the case—at least not then. The broker was a woman, and, more surprising still, quite young and very pretty. When that was known the tongues of the gossips clattered like a cart on cobblestones, while the quidnuncs said she had been crossed in love. They were wrong, of course, as they usually are.

Mary Atherstone was of the stuff that makes the business woman and also the excellent wife. Her feminine delights she tried to keep for after business hours, but they were known to intrude between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. She chose to locate in Kaslo at the moment of depression because she knew that the boom had been flattened out and good claims could now be secured at reasonable prices. She

did not go into the country for the sake of her health, but she argued that the mining town was bound to rise again and now was the time to make a "stake."

"There is no necessity for you to go into business at all, dear," her father had said to her the day before she left Vancouver for the Kootenay. "There is enough for you to do at home helping your mother to entertain visitors and assisting at the tea table on at home days, as well as helping me in my office work when I am hard pressed."

There was just a suspicion of an ironical note in Mr. Atherstone's voice as he uttered the first part of this sentence. He was one of those who had married a Western "society woman." His daughter smiled sweetly as she replied:

"Dear, I am tired to death of these 'functions,' as the papers call them, and of these reading societies for young women, where the dissection of neighbors' characters is the chief work, and also of the sewing classes, which are schools for gossip. I have your nature, father; I have got to be doing something useful, and now is the time to go to Kaslo, when mines and claims are at a decent valuation and there is a chance for a newcomer, who has been grounded in your excellent school," she added, with a touch of feminine diplomacy.

Mr. Atherstone was obliged to let her go.

It is a roundabout journey from Vancouver to Kaslo, but it is delightful all the way. Through the frowning Fraser canyon the Canadian Pacific railway takes its way, at one time threading the banks of the mighty river itself, a few hours later high up in the mountains, seeming to cling to the

precipitous rock while the river dashes and roars many hundred feet below in its noisy desire to reach the Pacific Ocean. At Revelstoke Mary changed her luxurious quarters in the Pullman for the little carriage on the narrow gauge railway which runs to Arrowhead, where the steamer is taken for the trip down the lakes to Robson. She could have entrained at Nakusp and gone through the heart of the Silvery Slocan, but she preferred the journey by way of Nelson—that bustling town and marvel of hustle which is the commercial capital of the Kootenay and destined, perhaps, to be one of the great cities of the American continent, as the mines of British Columbia yield more and more of their treasure and railways radiate to the camps.

From Nelson to Kaslo is a charming trip on the waters of Kootenay Lake, the home of the mountain trout and the land-locked salmon, though there are those who declare that the salmon come up from the sea and leap the falls of Bonnington in their anxiety to get to the spawning grounds, and die at the end of their four years.

As the stern-wheeler *Kokanee* churned the waters of Kootenay River, Mary Atherstone noticed a party of prospectors. She felt interested in the bronzed and rugged-looking men. They were part of her new life. Though she was not aware of it then, the three men were to have an influence on her life which was to last till death should beckon her with gentle hand to sleep and be content.

"What strange creatures of circumstance we are," she thought, as the *Kokanee* rapidly steamed out towards the lake and the prospectors' boat be-

came as a buoy on the water. "I go to seek a mine one way, those men in another. And they take more desperate chances than I do. They must carry heavy packs up steep mountains and through the dense brush; they, when night falls, must put up a leaky tent or wrap themselves in their blankets and have only the earth for a bed and the waterfall for a lullaby. And I—ah, me," and she broke off in that sigh and felt just a suspicion of homesickness.

But it quickly passed away as the steward's bell clanged merrily for dinner. And after dinner she felt in the humor to enjoy the scenery and the beauties of the setting sun flooding the Lardeau hills with a purple hue. That was of nature; those twinkling lights yonder were of man, for Kaslo was just coming into view. As she landed on the wharf of her new home Mary Atherstone scrupulously refrained from self-examination and prepared for the opening life. When she awoke the next morning and looked out of the hotel window, seeing the waters of the lake glittering in the sunshine, she felt that it was good to be alive, to be a woman, and above all, to be young and pretty. No qualms of possible failure came to her in that atmosphere; she was in Kaslo to make a success.

Even as she walked up the one business street of the town—they call it city in the West, for, do not the census returns show that it is the seventh city of British Columbia?—she was not dismayed by the prevailing quietness. The want of life did not bother her. "My time will come," she said to herself, as she entered the new office which had been prepared for her by her father's orders and

astonished the inhabitants by showing them that the new mining broker was a female.

And now one must follow the fortunes of those three prospectors who set out from Nelson at the same time as the *Kokanee* bore Mary Atherstone away from that place. To row a heavily-laden boat many miles to the mouth of the creek of the same name as the stern wheeler was their task, and they had determined to do it before they camped for the night. They reached there while still there was a little light on the lake and Gerald Anderson proposed that they go three miles further on to Pontiac Creek, where he knew there was an ideal camping spot. This was done. In the morning the men were indulging in horse play, as men will do before breakfast renders them lazy. Anderson picked up a stone and threw it at McNeilly whom it hit on the shin.

"Confound you!" roared Mac, as he stooped to pick up the stone to return it. Struck by the weight of the missile he hesitated in his throw and looked at the rock. He found it to be a rich specimen of mineral.

"Come and look here, old chap," he called, excitedly to Anderson. "You're throwing your fortune at me."

"What an idiot I was not to notice that," was the comment of Anderson, as he examined the specimen.

Breakfast was scrambled through and the three men followed up that "float" nearly to the source of the creek, high up in the mountains. It was not until after three days' hard work that they found the lead.

"It was a happy thought of yours, Anderson, that we should come to this creek," remarked Mac.

"Let's call the mine The Happy Thought," said Hennington, who was the silent man of the three, but had something to say when he did talk.

And that was the name they gave it at the recording office in Kaslo.

The mine paid from the grass roots, but McNeilly soon got very tired of roughing it in the hills and wandered to Kaslo one day to see if he could find a purchaser for his third share. The broker's office with the sign "Atherstone," struck him as the most prosperous-looking in the whole town and he entered and asked to see the manager. The girl at the counter, whom he took to be the typewriter, surprised him with the remark:

"That's me."

McNeilly's thought was to skip. It was his first experience with the new woman and he felt himself blushing. But he decided to beard the fair one in her den and stated his business. He was surprised at the amount of mining knowledge that the girl showed in her rapid questioning. The result of the interview was that she promised to go down to the mine next day.

There was grim satisfaction in the breast of Mac as he stood on the deck of the *Kokanee* next morning and thought of the ill-preparedness of his partners for an examination of the mine by this expert in petticoats. Mary stood the stiff climb up the mountain very well and surprised the other two very grimy partners as they were coming out of the tunnel to knock off work for the day. Fortunately there was a spare cabin furnished decently

enough for a woman to inhabit for a couple of days, at any rate.

It should be explained here that the mine had been developed sufficiently to prove it to be rich. There was a shaft of about 200 feet in depth and a small hoist, which could be operated by one man.

Early in the morning Mary Atherstone and McNeilly went down into the mine while Anderson operated the hoist. McNeilly was in his element pointing out to this possible purchaser the richness of the ore and the methods of operation. He sent a bucket of waste up in the hoist, "just to show you how easily the thing is operated." The bucket had almost reached the top when something went wrong and it commenced to descend again with frightful rapidity. Both Mary and McNeilly recognized that there was no way of escape for them. The bucket would annihilate them in a moment or two. Unconsciously Mary covered her face with both hands. McNeilly cursed himself inwardly for his foolishness in taking the girl to the bottom of the shaft, where no way was open to them to retreat. But just as the bucket was within a few feet of them it stopped. A few minutes later it descended to where they were, very slowly, and they were able to clamber in and were hoisted to the surface. When they reached there, very much subdued because of the closeness they had been to death, Hennington met them with the remark:

"You can thank Anderson for your rescue."

"Why, what did he do?" asked Mac.

"He thrust his arm into the cogs of that hoist and that was what stopped it," he replied.

Mary kept back the tears that rose to her eyes as she went to the cabin where the men had carried the brave young fellow. She never flinched when she saw how the flesh and muscles of his arm were torn to shreds. With her own hands she bound the wounds and then she superintended his removal to Kaslo, where she nursed him through the illness which followed his heroic action.

Anderson to-day has no use of his right arm; it is crippled for life, but he says his wife has right arms enough for him both, and The Happy Thought mine, of which they are now the sole owners, renders it unnecessary for him to use his muscle, or for her to any longer ply the vocation of mining broker.

A LITTLE GAME OF SEVEN UP.

Those were wild, glorious days in Cariboo when Jolly Jack was Chief of Police and Captain Terror was Gold Commissioner. Gold dust was so plentiful, that the happy-go-lucky miners thought their claims would never give out and dance-hall women, saloon-keepers and gamblers flourished like the green bay tree. That Jolly Jack's job was no sinecure, has been shown by the incident of the girl from 'Frisco already related; but the Gold Commissioner, by using the methods of Solomon, had a snap.

Captain Terror deemed eccentricity to be the very soul of his office. "What," he asked, "was the use of a Gold Commissioner if he did not command attention? Respect? To hell with respect in a mining camp, where the rule of first come first served was the very essence of life. The man who runs the hardest to the Record Office is generally the man who makes the most here," he added, "and no man can run and retain his self-respect."

It was part of Jolly Jack's duty to call the cases in the Gold Commissioner's Court. When the famous trial of Edwards versus Carew came on the Chief of Police, from force of habit, shouted out, "Bloody Edwards." The eyes of the Gold Commissioner twinkled with amusement as he gruffly invited "Mr. Bloody Edwards" to state his side

of the dispute. The Londoner—it is hardly necessary to state his place of birth—put forward a strenuous claim to a piece of ground on Williams Creek. His language was as forcible as his demand, but, unfortunately, those were not the days of stenographers. Less picturesque were the words of Carew, but none the less strong his argument that the ground was his.

"What can we do for these fellows, Chief?" asked the Gold Commissioner in an aside loud enough to be heard at the nearest saloon. "It seems to me there's been some pretty tall swearing, but I defy even Paris to give a right judgment."

The classical allusion was lost on Jolly Jack, but he suggested that they should divvy up on the ground. The Gold Commissioner scorned that way out of the difficulty.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the crowded court, "it has seldom been my lot to listen to arguments so strongly put forward. I might almost say that a sanguinary hue was given to them by at least one of the parties. To deal with so complicated a matter with proper nicety and legal balance demands the acumen of a Solomon and the knowledge of a Chief Justice. While I do not pretend to either, I yet feel sure that I can settle this case to the satisfaction of both parties. The judgment of the court is that both men start from here together, get an axe, run the two miles to the claim that is in dispute, and the one who drives the first stake gets the ground. The Court will adjourn so that I may officiate as starter."

By the time the Gold Commissioner got to the

door of the Court House this remarkable judgment was known all over Williams Creek. By a sort of wireless telegraphy, it had been transferred from man to man. Moreover, Mr. Terror took some time to reach the door, as Mr. Carew had invited him to share a bottle of champagne in a side room.

"Had I tasted this excellent vintage before I gave my decision, I might have come to a different judgment," said the Gold Commissioner to the defendant, "but it is too late now. Might I remark that wine is not a good thing to run on."

When Mr. Terror and Carew reached the door they found a crowd of several hundred people engaged in the agreeable occupation of good-humoredly chaffing "Bloody Edwards," who stood on the steps arrayed in a sweater, a pair of breeches cut off a few inches below the thighs, and an immense pair of gumboots.

"Your rival has his seven-leagued boots on, I see," said the Gold Commissioner to Carew.

The latter ranged himself beside the other litigant, scorning to make any change in his miner's attire. It was observed that "Bloody Edwards" whispered to him and received a grave nod in reply.

"Are you ready," cried the Gold Commissioner. "Go." And they were off as fast as their boots would let them. An axe apiece was quickly secured. For half a mile the two men kept well together while a number of the more active spectators kept up with them. Then "Bloody Edwards" kicked off his cumbersome boots and went ahead. After the mile had been passed, no one followed the pair so, coming to a convenient stone, Edwards

sat down and a few minutes afterwards Carew also took a seat.

"Well, that was a blarsted sweat! I thought those bloody fools would never leave off following us," said Edwards. "Have you got the cards?"

"You bet, but let's have a drink first," answered Carew, producing a bottle from his back pocket. "Here's luck."

"Now what's it going to be?" asked "Bloody Edwards." "How does Seven Up strike you?"

"Bully," replied Carew. "Cut for deal."

Edwards got the deal and turned up the jack of spades.

"Well, that's the Johnny for me, anyhow," said he.

"And there's low," said Carew, as he took in the ace of diamonds, "and four for game."

"Ah, but that makes me thirteen for game," retorted Edwards, as he gathered up the king of hearts with the ten of spades.

Carew secured Edwards' queen of trumps with the ace and the game stood two apiece; high and low for Carew, Jack and the game for Edwards. The next round ended with two each.

"Here, this thing's getting bloody monotonous," said Edwards, "suppose we chuck it. There's nothing in that damned ground, anyhow, and we both know it. What do you say to taking Jolly Jack's advice and divvying up?"

"Right you are," said Carew, "but one of us has got to tell old Terror that he stuck the first stake in. We'll cut. First jack does it it. Is that O. K.?"

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"Sure," said Edwards, and he cut—again the jack of spades.

"I'll call this bloody old claim the Jack of Spades," he remarked. "Now, we've both got to try and get rid of it."

And sell it they did, to no less a person than Jolly Jack himself. But the Chief of Police took the ground on the advice of Horselly Bill, who knew as much about mining as "Bloody Edwards" did of booze—and that means a great deal. The claim of which Edwards and Carew said, "there's nothing in that damned ground," gave Jolly Jack \$15,000 before it gave out and enabled him to retire from the office which he had so signally adorned.

On the night previous to his handing over his position to his successor Jolly Jack was dined at the saloon of "Bloody Edwards." The history of that famous feast is written in letters of whiskey in the Cariboo press of that day. Among the treasures of earth that Jolly Jack left behind was a scrap of paper that showed very strongly that moth and dirt do corrupt. I have it before me now. It is the *Barkerville Gazette's* account of that tremendous jollification. It reads thus:

"It is our painful duty to record that Cariboo's first Chief of Police has resisted all attempts made to induce him to remain in office. While we don't blame him a bit—a man with a decent claim is a fool to be a policeman—still as we would rather be arrested by Jolly Jack than any other man in the world—and there's no knowing when an editor may fall by the wayside—we extremely regret that

he has made this Medes and Persian decision. Part of our pain on this occasion, too, is caused by the liquor partaken at 'Bloody Edwards'' place last night, the cause being a farewell banquet to Jolly Jack in office. For no other man would we have consented to leave that feast of reason and flow of soul to write here, in a cold office with a towel round our head. But the call of friendship would not be denied.

"The élite of the town was present at Edwards' saloon last night, and, from the vast amount of bloodying that was going on, it was evident, even to the uninitiated, that Mine Host was excited. It will be remembered that Edwards thought he had found a sucker when he sold Jolly Jack the claim on Williams Creek, which is now returning the ex-Chief of Police a nice little pile. But the host said he forgave Jack for swindling him out of his claim, so everybody was satisfied.

"The victuals—they were in Edwards' best style—having been satisfactorily disposed of, Gold Commissioner Terror got up on his unsteady legs to give the toast of 'The Queen.' From the bottom of the table Edwards roared his familiar refrain that he was a 'bloody good Englishman,' and proposed 'three bloody good cheers for the Queen,' which were given with a will.

"Then came the toast of the evening. Good whiskey always gives to Mr. Terror a command of language which is the admiration of all his hearers. After paying his compliments to what he called the 'cabaret' of Mr. Edwards, the Gold Commissioner launched into eloquent praise of Jolly Jack, which made the latter blush to his socks. He

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spoke of him as Menenius Agrippa did of the citizens of Rome, as 'the great toe of this assembly,' and reminded the rest of us that we had been prominent in paying full attention to 'this good belly,' to which Shakespeare so feelingly alluded in his Blackfriars days. All this caused the honest face of Jolly Jack to glow like the Cariboo hills at sunset. Finally he requested the retiring Chief to accept, as a small token of affection presented by those who had been able to keep out of jail, a magnificent nugget chain, the like of which Bond Street never saw.

"We cannot say that we were particularly struck with the style of Jack's oratory in responding to the toast and presentation. He is more at home handling the bracelets than shooting off his mouth; at the same time, we know what he meant to say. He's a grand fellow is Jolly Jack, and Cariboo was lucky in getting him as its first Chief of Police.

"It had been our intention to conclude the report of this festive event with that last sentence—so expressive of the feeling of the camp, but the sanguinary Englishman who runs the cabaret, as the Gold Commissioner calls it, made that impossible. Some tenderfoot from the Old Country got up and said, it, aw, gave him great pleasure, aw, to propose the toast of their host, you know, that jolly fellow who was so absurdly called 'Bloody Edwards.' He could not understand, really, where so excellent a caterer got so extraordinary a name, but supposed it was for bravery on a conspicuous occasion.

"Edwards got as mad as a hatter at the remark; booze had evidently robbed him of his sense of hu-

mor. He took it that the stranger was questioning his courage. The boys howled with delight when the host got on his ear. 'Soak it to the tenderfoot,' they cried, and there would have been a fight right there had not someone suggested that Edwards prove his bravery. The latter seized a lighted candle, held it at arms' length and invited the boys to fire shots at the flame. The revolver practice that followed made William Tell and the apple sink into insignificance. Jolly Jack, of course, was to the fore in putting an end to the danger in which Edwards had placed himself, by suggesting that it was time they 'wet' his new watch chain. The most memorable banquet Caricoo has ever known ended with an adjournment to the bar. Here's luck to Jolly Jack."

THE GIRL FROM 'FRISCO.

"THIS camp's getting too damned moral for me," said Bill Derwent when he heard that the Vigilantes had marked him for their own. "I guess I'd better git."

He stood not upon the order of his going. The first boat from San Francisco to Victoria took Bill north. Nor did he travel in the saloon; the stoke hole was his home, "for one week only, and too cursed long," he used to say.

That was how Derwent came to be in the first rush to the Fraser River placer diggings. There he made his fortune and lost his "M. or N., as the case may be," in other words, the name his godfather and godmothers gave him. He discovered the Horsefly country and ever afterwards was known as "Horsefly Bill."

"The horseflies in that country were as big as crows," he told one tenderfoot who came from New York by way of Panama, "and as scavengers they were it."

When Barkerville was established in the far north Horsefly Bill got in on the ground floor.

"There's one thing I like about this town," he said to Jolly Jack, who was the first Chief of Police in Cariboo, "and that is there are no parsons here. The reason I quit 'Frisco was that there were too many white chokers there."

"Well, you'd better get ready to pack up again," said Jolly Jack, "for a parson arrived on the stage from Yale to-day."

"A parson, did yer say, Jack? And what in the name would a sky pilot be doin' in Barker-ville?"

"Seems to me," replied the Chief of Police, "he ought to teach you there's Someone besides that horned rascal you're always referrin' to so pleasant-like. The true religion don't pan too high in this camp, so the parson's come to see if he can get on to some new ground."

"Good for him," said Dutch Bill, who just then came up. "If parson's the right sort, I'm willing to put in \$500 and help build a church,"—this with a challenging glance in the direction of Horseddy Bill. The latter would not stand for any bluff of that sort. Nothing delighted the two Bills of Caribbea more than to "cover" each other, true comrades of the hills as they were, save during the incident about to be related.

"I'll raise yer 500," replied Horseddy, "although I'll sooner spend it on the new girl from 'Frisco."

"Daresay you would," said Dutch, "but I'll help you to do a little laying up of treasures in heaven by bettin' another five hundred."

To the church's financial loss the parson joined the group at that moment. If he had stayed out of the game a few moments longer he might have had a fund of \$10,000 to start his ministry with, for the two Bills were dead game sports.

"Can't gamble with a parson lookin' on," said Horseddy to Dutch, "so I'll just have to call yer." Then addressing the sky pilot, he said:

"Seein' as you've just come to this camp me and Dutch Bill here has concluded to start yer out fair and have chipped in with \$1,500 apiece towards a church. For myself, I don't take much truck in such concerns, but Dutch is pretty far gone on 'em and you're very welcome."

"I gladly accept," said the Rev. Frederick Kingdom. "I believe, when you get to know me better you will be glad the 'truck' is here. Let's adjourn to that saloon and drink to its success."

"Well, I'll be damned!" gasped Horsefly Bill. "Parson," he said, as he leaned over the bar, "count on me whenever the plate goes round. Here's my best respects."

A little sum like \$3,000 was nothing in those days, either to Horsefly Bill or to Dutch Bill, the latter being the discoverer of Williams Creek, the richest diggings ever found in the world.

Thus it was that the Anglican clergyman made a proselyte of Horsefly Bill. With Dutch, the sky pilot had no difficulty. He had inherited religion from his mother. He believed that parsons—of the right sort—exercised a good influence on mining camps. The Rev. Mr. Kingdom was sure of his earnest support from the word go and now had enlisted the good offices of Horsefly Bill, who was disposed to give the parson every opportunity to "make good," as he put it.

No man is put to a more severe trial in a new mining camp than the first comer who wears "the cloth." Fortunately for the Church of England it had in Mr. Kingdom a man of muscle as well as mind, an Oxford graduate, who could use his fists to advantage and make his education of prac-

find value to others. He quickly proved to be the right man for Barkerville, and he had his part in settling the only serious quarrel that ever disturbed the two Bills of Cariboo. It was the "new girl from Frisco" who caused the two mining kings that famous estrangement. Lorelia Hardy was her name in California, but in the history of the northern gold camp she is known only by the title that Hossdy Bill gave her.

"The Williams Creek miners are taking out \$1,000 a week," Lorelia had read in the *San Francisco Herald*. "Money is abundant," went on the account of the new gold fields, "gambling and dissipation of all kinds go on day and night."

That decided Lorelia. Where dissipation existed she was bound to be a queen. Nature intended her for a life among the wanton, just as she fashioned others whose noticeable mission is to be good housewives and the mothers of large families. In face, figure and tendency Lorelia Hardy was marked out as a ruler of candle-light revelry. She packed up her dresses and jewels and made for Cariboo as hastily as possible, enduring considerable hardship by the way, which she determined to offset by a golden harvest.

It did not take Jolly Jack long to decide that "the girl from Frisco" would be a danger to the gold camp. They were discussing her in a saloon a few days after the arrival of the sky pilot.

"The flesh and the narrow path arrived on the stage from Yale," said the bartender, as he placed a bottle of Hudson's Bay rum in front of the Chief of Police. "Cariboo Tom (the stage driver for Bailou) said she tried her best to make a mash of

the parson on the way up and that she has the biggest outfit of stockings he ever saw."

"She's a regular corker for looks," remarked Jolly Jack, "but she'll cause a lot of disturbance of the Queen's peace, or I'm not the Chief of Police." Jack was proud of being servant of the Queen and was unable to resist dragging her late Majesty's name into his conversation whenever an opportunity offered. "She's set all the boys jealous already," he added, "and she's got the better even of Jim Pugh up at Diller's claim." (Diller's has the record for a 24-hours' return in Cariboo, \$300,000 having been taken out of it in that time.)

"You're wrong there," said Dutch Bill; "it was Jim who got the better of her."

"But she just showed me the thousand dollars she got from the claim," protested Jack.

"She hasn't heard, yet, how it might have been \$1,500, but Jim was too smart for her," chuckled Dutch Bill. "Set 'em up, barkeep, and I'll tell you how he did it. You see it was this way. She quickly got on to the game of asking to be taken down the shaft. You know what that means. She didn't take more than a minute to tumble to the fact that when a gal goes down into a mine she always gets what comes in the first pan. Some women have made little fortunes on that lay. Still she's such a beaut that all the fellers wanted the honor of taking her down. She stood back and would not make a choice. 'You can fight it out,' she says, smiling sweetly. And, you bet, there would have been the finest kind of a scrap right there had not Jim shoved his way

through, and, being the foreman, no one could object when he offers his arm, quite polite, to the girl, and says, 'Allow me.' And she allowed. Few women take the trouble to resist Jim. He has the way with them that I had when I was younger. But Jim is used to her sort. He purposely did not go to what he thought was the richest ground, though he found out a few minutes after, that he made a little mistake. He tried a new piece and was mightily astonished when he undertook to wash it. At the first shake of the pan the gold shows on the surface. Jim tumbles at once and glances swiftly at Lorelia. And even while she was smiling at him, he contrived to scoop out some of the yellow into the water boy. Oh, yes, he's a slick lad. He is quick and clever is Jim, and not too much of a ladies' man during business hours. The next shake of the pan uncovered more of the stuff and a whole lot of gold went into the water hole again. At the third shake, Jim sees that there was little gravel mixed with that pan of gold, so he concludes to scoop out some more. This was not too easy right under my lady's eye, but Jim found a way. The water was muddy and he gave the pan a vicious whirl and let it fall into the water. It was easy then for him to get rid of a lot more gold. When he brought the pan to the surface all eyes were intently gazing at the contents and Jim couldn't hide its richness any longer. So, as polite as if he were in Hyde Park, he turns to Lorelia and says:

"Miss Hardy, will you do me the honor to accept this pan as a memento of your visit to the Diller claim?"

"She replied, pretty-like: 'Thank you so much, Mr. Pugh, it will indeed prove a pleasant remembrance.' And Jim smiles, rather sickly-like, for there was a thousand dollars in the pan if there was four bits. Miss Hardy takes the pail to the hotel, where the gold was found to weigh just sixty ounces, meaning she got \$1,080 for that afternoon's visit to the Diller shaft. While Lorelia was admiring her haul, Jim was scooping out the water hole and the air was sulphurous, he was swearing that hard. He panned the gold in the water hole, and, boys, he got \$700. That's the record for 'poor dirt,' I'm willing to bet."

The laughter which arose at this sally was cut short by Horsefly Bill exclaiming in angry tones:

"And do you mean to say that you stood by while that poor girl was robbed of \$700? That's the first mean trick I've known yer to do all the days I have been pals with you."

Dutch Bill's temper blazed at that. "The man who calls me mean is a damned liar," he exclaimed, hotly.

The lie had been passed and the crowd stood back to give the two men room. Dutch Bill landed a vicious left on Horsefly's nose, tapping the claret, while Jolly Jack discreetly looked the other way. The mixup was likely to become hot when the parson stepped between the two men.

"Keep away, parson, or not another cent do you get from me for your church," cried Dutch Bill.

"Don't come meddling here, parson," called Horsefly Bill, "or you are liable to regret it."

But the Rev. Mr. Kingdom was not to be put off thus easily. He continued to dodge in between

the two as they tried to get around him and his persistence won, much to the disgust of several of the loafer class of miners, who liked nothing better than this falling out between the two Bills.

"Well, I'm going over to settle with Jim!" exclaimed Horsefly Bill.

"You haven't far to go, Bill," said Jim, as he stepped out of a group of miners. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked with a suggestive buttoning up of his coat.

"Yes, I'd like you to hand over to Miss Hardy that \$700 you have belonging to her."

Jim smiled.

"Can you give me any real reason why I should pay your debts of gallantry?" he inquired.

It had not struck the innocent mining king that any outrageous construction would be placed on his championship of the fair, but Pugh's words brought him to his senses.

"You're right, Jim; I'm a damned fool to wear my heart on my sleeve," said he. "I ask your pardon, but as for the man who called me a liar, I'll be even with him yet." With which final outburst Horsefly sought the alluring society of the "girl from 'Frisco" and himself made up the \$700 that should have been hers had she been given all that came in that pan from Diller's. Meanwhile the camp watched and waited for the next move in the feud of the Bills.

And the camp did not have long to wait. That night the men met in the bar of the Cleveland Hotel. The only excuse for Horsefly Bill's action on that celebrated occasion was that he was very drunk, not too far gone in his cups as to be un-

able to fight, but too intoxicated to remember that there are rules of honor and decency that have to be remembered even in a miner's camp scrap. He threw Dutch Bill to the floor and seizing him by both ears pounded his head against the floor till the latter was senseless. It was two months before Dutch Bill could be pronounced out of danger and all that time Horsefly was in the charge of Jolly Jack, dreading every day that he would have to answer to the charge of murder. When Dutch Bill got around again, Horsefly was taken before Chief Justice Begbie. According to British Columbia law, the prisoner was given the option of a speedy trial before the judge alone, or of having his case sent up to the next assizes, when a jury would render the verdict. The Chief Justice took elaborate pains to explain the two methods to Horsefly Bill and concluded thus:

"If you are innocent, I would advise you to take a speedy trial before a judge, because he knows the tricks of the rascally lawyers and will see that you get a fair trial; but if you are guilty, by all means, go before a jury; the body is usually composed of fools. Now which course do you decide upon?" To His Lordship's great amusement, Horsefly Bill instantly replied:

"I'll take a jury trial."

In due course the case was called at the assizes and a big crowd of miners sweltered in the log hut called, by courtesy, a law court. For a veracious account of the trial it is only necessary to reproduce the interesting, if ungrammatical report of the *Barkerville Gazette*, as follows:

"We are willing to bet that last cord of wood received in lieu of cash subscription to this great family journal, that Chief Justice Begbie feels as mad as a hatter this morning. The jury turned him down in fine shape in the Bill assault case yesterday. It was a great day for the unwigged, though his Lordship distributed wiggings enough to cover the whole court room with a lovely sulphur color. The first witness called was Dutch Bill, and the jury could see with half an eye that he did not want his old pal convicted. He said he'd been hurt in fair fight and there was no suggestion that he had been assaulted while he lay on the ground, at least, not from him. It was like pulling sound teeth to make him say that some of the boys who had witnessed the fight had said that his head had been pounded on the ground. He begged the court to remember that such evidence was valueless, as he himself had not seen the assault, not being in a condition to notice it. Dutch is the right sort.

"Then they got Jolly Jack in the box and he furnished one of the sensations of the day. He said he happened to be standing in the shadow, close to Lorelia Hardy and Horsefly Bill on the night of the fight and had heard the woman say he ought to sock it to Dutch Bill for calling him a liar and also for backing up Jim Pugh in keeping back the \$700 from Diller's claim that was hers by rights. 'She was a common nuisance, that woman,' says Jack, 'and ought to have been in the box in the place of the prisoner, for she was the cause of the disturbance.'

"One of them cocksure lawyers from the coast

gets up at this moment and tells Jack he had no business to make such assertions in court, he should know better, as chief of police. The little lawyer man had been noticed to be sweet on the Lorelia girl. But Jack repeats his observation, and as he concludes, ducks his head rapidly. A revolver shot rang out and Jack was over the witness box like a flash of greased lightning and had collared a young feller who was making a bee line for the door. That was the first time any one had dared shoot in a British Columbia law court and we're willing to bet all our paid up subscriptions it'll be the last, for almost before the smoke had cleared away Chief Justice Boggie had sentenced that young feller to fifteen years. And serve him right. The majesty of the law must be upheld. But it was a close shave for Jolly Jack.

"The preacher was the next man to tell his little tale. The Reverend Richard is a tall man and the sweat box is low; it wasn't built for men of his height. He sprawls over the side of the box in an awkward way. The Chief Justice doesn't like the sky pilot. 'Stand up, sir,' he roars at him, 'you act like a sausage skin filled with water.' Being in court, his reverence could not resent that sort of language, but he's a pretty good slinger of hot talk himself, and there's those that say the preacher will make the Chief Justice feel the keen edge of his tongue when he gets into the pulpit Sunday. We're going to make the exception that proves the rule and go to church next Sabbath. There may be doings. But the sky pilot didn't have much that was interesting to tell. 'Did you see the prisoner sandbag the other man?' the Chief

Justice asks him. 'I don't understand you, my lord,' he replies. 'There's been no sandbagging in this case, so far as I know.' 'So far as you know,' comes back the bench, 'well, that is not much, is it?' The parson keeps his temper and all the miners wonder what the sandbag was dragged in for. But that instrument stuck to His Lordship all day. He couldn't let it out of his head that Dutch Bill had not been hit with a sandbag. He charged strongly in favor of a conviction and brought in that sandbag every paragraph. Greatly to his disgust, but to the delight of the camp, the jury brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' They did it because Dutch Bill's evidence practically amounted to a request to take that action.

"The bench didn't take the verdict in good part. The Chief Justice was speechless with rage. He made no effort to hide his feelings. When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he shouted:

"'Is that your verdict, gentlemen?'

"'Yes, my lord,' replies the foreman.

"'So say you all?'

"'So say we all,' they replied.

"The judge smote his desk with his clenched hand and again shouted. 'Remember, gentlemen, that is your verdict, not mine. You may go; you may go!' Then turning to Horselly Bill, he says: 'You are discharged, prisoner; you are discharged. Get out of my sight as quickly as you can. And you, miscreant, my advice to you is that you get a sandbag and sandbag those jurymen.' It is mighty certain that the Chief Justice had sandbag on the brain yesterday.

"There was a jollification at the Cleveland after

the trial, and a touching incident occurred. Dutch Bill was having a drink when Horselly appears at the door. He puts his glass down and walks over to his old pal, and says: 'I take it all back, Bill, let's be friends again.' That ornery cuss Horselly gets a suspicious mist before his eyes, says he made a 'God damned beast' of himself, and as he took his old pard's hand, cries out to the boys to line up. There was a run on good liquor at the bar that night. We ought to know, because our new reporter has not been seen since. He's a tenderfoot from the East and hasn't got acclimatized."

The sequel to the feud of the two gold kings of Cariboo is also recorded in the musty files of the *Gazette*. A few days later it contained the following notice:

"The Reverend Frederick Kingdom yesterday officiated at one of those pleasant ceremonies that make two fond hearts beat as one. Miss Lorelia Hardy became Mrs. Jim Pugh, and the two parts of the Diller pan came together. The happy couple took the stage for Yale en route to San Francisco. Jim looked like a miniature Woolwich arsenal, because he had treasure of two kinds to look after. There is a great dearth of old gumboots in Barker-ville now."

Seeing the hand the parson had in this romance, it was fitting that the very last feature was added in his church. The following Sunday an unusually large congregation assembled. But the pulpit was occupied by a visitor. He, not to disappoint the

miners, referred to the scene in court and denounced the Chief Justice for his language towards a gentleman who "was but doing his duty in giving his evidence in orderly fashion." He also stated that the Rev. Mr. Kingdom would occupy the pulpit at the evening service.

The men who had made bets as to the sky pilot giving the Judge a Roland for his Oliver were conspicuous in the church that evening. Mr. Kingdom preached a very able sermon on charity, but he made no reference to a "sausage skin filled with water." It was a disappointed congregation that listened to him pronouncing the benediction, but when he wound up with, "And God bless those who have lost their bets this night," merriment was unrestrained. There was a record collection at the door.

NEWSPAPER GHOST THAT WALKS.

THERE are times when the "ghost" does not walk on American and Canadian country weeklies. There is one of those weeklies, however, that has a ghost walking all the time. The pay-day vision is always welcome; this other ghost is a nuisance—but he won't be laid. The office that he inhabits is that of the *Kamloops Standard*. Kamloops is called the Inland Capital of British Columbia, and is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Two big rivers join, or loop, together there, and that is why the Indians called the place Kamloops—or rather that is the English pronunciation of the cognomen. Redskins abound around Kamloops, and there is more than a suspicion that the ghost of the *Standard* office is that of a native. It is a wonder that there are not more ghosts around Kamloops, for that place was the scene many years ago of a sanguinary battle between Hudson's Bay Company servants and the redmen. But that is another story.

Curious to relate, the place where the *Standard* now gets out weekly used to be the business house of the H. B. C.—magic letters among Indians even to this day—and that company did a flourishing business there. Many is the big deal and the crafty barter its old rafters have seen, and the editor of the *Standard* wistfully says, that

the chink of silver and the rustle of greenbacks was more often heard in those good old days than it is now. W. W. Clarke is the editor, and though his chase after the nimble dollar is wonderful to behold, he has come to the conclusion that no man made a million out of a country paper.

But Mr. Clarke is rather proud of the ghost. He says all good families have a spook, and in all houses of note, there is a ghost to give the "hall mark" of respectability. This newspaper familiar, however, he objects to, because it does not keep proper hours—in fact, it keeps all hours. It wanders around the office in season and out of season, striving to make its presence felt, and trying to interest itself in worldly affairs instead of remaining where it properly belongs. But, perhaps it would be well to come to the story and not imitate the ghost's habit of wandering.

It was about fifteen years ago that the Hudson's Bay Company occupied the store and provided in it a bunk for a man named Franklin, so that he could be on the premises whenever someone was wanted. With an idea that it was healthy Mr. Franklin had his bed placed right under a window, and that was the opportunity for the ghost to walk. One night Mr. Franklin was roused out of a sound sleep by feeling something crawling over him. The something was so uncanny, that, of course, his hair did the raising trick and the cold chills took the ordinary route down his spine. Equally naturally, while in this nervous state, Mr. Franklin "retained his presence of mind." He seized a revolver from under his pillow and tumbled out of bed on to the

floor. All alert and strained to high tension, he listened for—he knew not what.

Of a sudden he heard the soft swish, swish, as of moccasins sneaking across the floor. He had not struck a light, but in the darkness he seemed to make out the form of a man stealthily creeping along in the adjoining room—the door being open.

"Stop, there, or I'll shoot!" he tried to yell, but his voice was hardly that of a commander in the front of the battle. He pointed the gun with trembling hand.

The figure did not stop and Franklin pulled the trigger. The room seemed filled with sulphurous smoke, but when it had cleared away, there was no figure—the thing had disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed it. But Franklin had not waited for that moment. The instant after he had fired he rushed out of the building, and in a frenzy of excitement, had gone to his nearest neighbor and awakened him.

"Come, quick, Johnny," he called to Mr. O'Brien, who lived next door, "someone has been trying to rob the store and I've shot him."

"Don't believe you," returned Johnny, who refused to get excited without more evidence than the alarmed man with a revolver below. "You haven't shot anyone, you've had the nightmare. Go back to bed, man."

"It's a fact. I'm not dreaming," cried Franklin. "I saw the man or something. He crawled through the window over me and tried to rob the store and I shot him. Do come, Johnny."

So Johnny came and with him two or three other men who had been attracted by the noise. The

door of the store was wide open, as Franklin had left it in his hasty exit, but no corpse was on the floor. A casual glance seemed to indicate to the loiterers in the doorway that nothing unusual had taken place.

"Look here, Franklin, you go to bed and leave Hudson's Bay spirits alone," remarked one of the boys present. "You should swear off."

Franklin protested that he was not drunk nor had he had the nightmare. He went into his bedroom, showed where the thing had crept over him and then triumphantly pointed out blood stains on the floor; in fact, there were pools of gore.

"And, there, boys, is my bullet, imbedded in the door post," he remarked, with eagerness.

This put a new phase on the matter, but search high, search low, not a trace of a wounded man could be discovered.

"Guess Franklin fired at something and hit it," said another of the men, "unless he's putting up a job on us."

Franklin protested that he had told the gospel truth. "There's the bullet, and there's the blood," he said, "and the feller couldn't have come in the door because it was locked, and I had to unlock it before I went to Johnny's. I have not the jim-jams, boys."

"Guess we'll have to give up the mystery," said the others, "though there's enough blood around here to come out of a three-year-old steer."

Since that day nothing has been discovered as to what the thing was, and no doctor was called on to dress the wounds of a white man or an Indian about that time. Franklin has gone over to the

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great majority, but the ghost still walks. The newspaper men who have taken over the building, look upon the familiar more philosophically than did the Hudson's Bay man.

"He's a regular nuisance," Clarke will tell you in confidence. "We hear queer noises at night. The casements and windows rattle and those infernal moccasins swish, but nothing is ever seen. Naturally disembodied spirits have privileges that ordinary mortals have not, and this one seems to have gained a knowledge of the printing business since we came here. We have never been able to understand how certain articles got into the paper under the old management. There was one calling a representative of His Majesty the King, 'a bewhiskered monstrosity,' there was another abusing a certain editor of Vancouver and others falling foul of well-known politicians. The ghost must be held accountable for them, not us, for we never wish to say a harsh word against anyone. And in future, when anything scathing or needlessly abusive appears in the *Standard*, we can but blame that other fellow—the ghost."

P. S.—Since this truthful story was written, Editor Clarke has gone, but the ghost lingers.

THE PRIMITIVE LOVERS.

MY aunt was horrified. That was nothing extraordinary; she had a failing in that direction. I had taken her for a summer holiday to Clooose, on the west coast of Vancouver Island; far from the madding crowd and far from those brazen hussies of Vancouver, who display the roundness of their limbs and the fairness of their bosoms, on the sands at English Bay, to the dismay of the W. C. T. U. And here was an Indian bathing close to her habited in, she blushed to say it, a pair of socks.

"But, aunt," I remarked, "you fail to see the charming originality. A pair of socks in place of a bathing suit! The man is a genius."

"I always heard that genius was akin to madness, but here it is allied to indecency," was her freezing retort.

"But these Indians are not used to white visitors," I hazarded; "moreover, his action is perfectly natural, and he has not the slightest idea that he is doing anything to offend the proprieties. Besides, you can turn your face to the left and make yourself believe that you never saw him," I added, rather maliciously, I am free to admit.

"Algernon," she retorted, poking me playfully in the ribs with her parasol, "I sometimes think that you are very coarse. I warned your dear

mother of that failing in your father, but she would listen to no warning from me."

I laughed heartily and replied:

"The coast is clear now, auntie, dear, for the immoral red-skin has taken to the water. See, there above the surges his crest appears. Now all the ranks of Grundy can give thanks for Nature's covering of blue."

"You are incorrigible," she answered, as she picked up her sketching outfit and walked away from that dangerous shore-line.

Clo'oose is a charming spot in which to study nature, in all her aspects, without any fear of being disturbed by the cheap tripper. The steamer from Victoria calls three or four times a month, and it is seldom that white folks, other than the missionary and his family, are seen there. The Indian village is cleaner-looking than most Siwash settlements as a tribute to free medicine and the Bible, and the passions of the Indians are more restrained than at places where no self-sacrificing man of God has set his hut. But those passions are none the less there, as my aunt found out before she returned to Vancouver. But she had a higher opinion of the native girl when she got back than before she made that summer excursion, and the reason can be found in this story.

Among my artistic treasures, I value very highly an unpretentious sketch, by my aunt, of an Indian Girl. Kwatsekerine she was called. She was the beauty of the Nitinat tribe. My aunt thought her costume rather bold, but so picturesque, that she forgave the want of drapery for the sake of Art.

As a rule, Indian girls, at least in British Columbia, are not very seductive-looking; there is too much dirt about them to render them pleasing to those who have been brought up to answer the morning question, Have you used Apple's soap?

Kwatskerine was whiter than most of her tribe, and was moulded as delicately as a hot-house woman of New York. Her face was not alone beautiful in feature, but in expression. Dark as night was her hair, and bright as the stars above O'loose her eyes. Her teeth were rows of pearls, no dentist did she ever need. The curve of her neck and the outward slope towards the breast were lines that a painter might rave of; even my aunt was able to get some idea of their beauty. Beneath her thin chemise, her small but richly moulded breasts suggested passion, while the clinging skirt which hung from waist to knees revealed loveliness whichever way the wind tossed it. She wore no stockings on her slender limbs, while No. 3's never disguised a foot that Trilby could not have equaled.

To love Kwatskerine came as naturally to all the young men of the tribe as fishing or swimming.

Her father watched her grow in beauty, as he might study a cow that he was fattening for the market. The lovelier she grew, the more she would fetch. Already he had let it be known that she was for sale to the highest bidder. In that he was no worse than many a father in New York, Paris and London to-day. As a matter of fact, he was better, for it was the custom of his tribe to demand a substantial present for the parents whenever a

daughter left for the shack of a brave. And beauty commands a high price, whether the market be red or white.

Half way between Clo'oose and Sequodah there lived a white man. He was achieving wealth by breaking the laws of Canada. He sold whiskey to Indians. The firewater cost him 35 cents a bottle; he sold it for \$2. But then he ran the risks of a big fine and imprisonment, as it is illegal to sell whiskey to redskins, and the law punishes the offence very severely. Up to the time of our visit, this old rascal had never been caught in the act, though the provincial police knew that he was an offender. He had determined to secure the maid. He had cast senile eyes upon her many a time.

But Sailor Jack, as this reprobate was called, had no intentions of paying a high price for the girl. The brave might offer many salmon and many cords of wood; whiskey was his stock in trade and he knew that his time would come.

Grizzled and wrinkled, a deathly-brown in color, a heathen in appearance, old Kwaka seemed out of place as the father of a lovely girl. His klootchman was even uglier and the marvel was that they could produce anything but an imp of darkness. They were an evil pair, both in looks and life. The missionary could do nothing with them. They would rather worship the sun than believe in the Holy Trinity. Old Sol was a visible god, riding his chariot in the heavens, who warmed them when they made him good-humored, but who hid his face and sent the rains and the cold whenever he was displeased. "This God of the Methodist, where is he?" asked Kwaka, and he soundly rated

his daughter whenever he caught her returning from the little church-house on the knoll, where all the old camp meeting tunes were attached to words in which the letter clicked with a deadly sound.

Makwakla was the only one among the Indians that Sailor Jack feared. The eldest son of the chief had found favor in the eyes of Kwatskerine. It was interesting to hear them, after the Bible-class, making love in the fashion of Ecclesiastes, totally unconscious of the hidden meaning of The Preacher, but accepting his diction directly as the Complete Guide to Lovers' Conversation.

"O thou fairest among women," Makwakla would say to Kwatskerine. "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots."

And she would answer:

"A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me, and he shall lie all night between my breasts."

Sailor Bill would clench his teeth as he saw "those damn fools billing and cooing."

One night he caught old Kwaka half-seas on.

"My medicine is all gone," whined the redskin, "cannot the white man provide me with more, for my stomach gives me great pain?"

Sailor Bill took him into his cabin and showed him many bottles of rye whiskey, and whispered to him:

"All this is yours when Kwatskerine is mine."

But Kwaka was not enough in his cups that night. There came an evening, however, after the tribe had returned from the Fraser River fishing, that a great thirst came upon Kwaka and his

squaw, and they had no means to assuage it. The old man thought of the white man who dwelt at Sequodah, and as he thought, the desire for whiskey grew until he spoke his thoughts aloud to the klootchman.

"Why should we sit here in misery," he asked, "while the joy the white man provides can be had for the asking?"

"We might get a bottle from him to-night and promise him the girl," said the squaw, "but it will be easy to refuse to hand her over to-morrow."

Thus the woman tempted the redman and they did drink that night.

When Sailor Bill came next day for the bargain to be carried out, Kwaka was as unintelligent an Indian as it is possible to meet. The whiskey seller understood.

And he bided his time.

Once again a thirst came upon the evil couple. But a visit to Sequodah had no results.

"You must bring the girl with you," said Sailor Jack, "if you want any more whiskey."

One night the brave, Makwakla, saw a canoe put out from Clo'oose and in it were the redskin and his wife and Kwatsekerine. He paddled after them and saw them land at Sequodah and knew the awful thing which had been done. And that night Kwaka and his wife slept the sleep of the drunken on the floor of the living room of the shack of Sailor Bill, amid the ruins of many bottles, while Kwatsekerina lay strapped to a bed with a gag in her mouth. But ere the morning broke, the place of the girl was taken on the bed by a form all hacked and bleeding while Makwakla

and Kwatskerine were far away up Nitinat Lake, on the top of the Mountain of Sorrows.

There they prepared for death. Makwakla knew that the vengeance of the Great White King, Edward Rex, would be upon him for the murder of Sailor Jack. Extenuating though the circumstances might be, he was aware that his life must pay the forfeit for a life. As for Kwatskerine, what was life without her love, who was to her "as the apple tree among the trees of the wood"?

The top of the Mountain of Sorrows juts out above Nitinat Lake, many hundred feet over the blue water. There the death-song was sung, while the canoes of the tribe drifted at the foot of the hill.

"Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved," she said, and hand in hand they leaped, and the waters closed over their heads.

THE END.



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